The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXV. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 28, 1892. NO. 4.

It may sound a little odd for us to say Chilly is cooling off.

Everything having been so Chili the past few weeks, is it a wonder the ice crop is so plenteous?

Brother Focht, of the Lewisburg *News*, is a candidate for assembly. His party owes him a show.

It is about time we get rid of the grip and the Chilian question. Let us have something new to talk about.

Those chaps who wanted to go to Chili to have a brush, can now hang up their canteens and go to putting up ice.

Mr. Meek, of the *Watchman*, is chosen chairman of the Pennsylvania Editorial Association for 1892, and is well fitted for the place.

Grandpa John Cessna has announced himself as a candidate for assembly in Bedford, and as against Quay's re-election to the senate.

Harrison is for war. Blaine is for peace. Washington advices say that if Harrison forces a war with Chili Blaine will resign his cabinet position.

According to the first official report of Hoskins and McClintock, assignees of the Messrs. Delamater, the general creditors of the insolvent bankers will not receive more than eight or ten cents on the dollar.

Penny postage is likely to be one of the financial experiments of the near future. Postmaster-General Wanamaker has declared in its favor, and a bill to establish penny postage has already been introduced into Congress.

The National committe has fixed upon Chicago as the place and June 21st as the time for holding the next Democratic National convention for nominating candidates for President and Vice President. This is two weeks later than the Republican convention, which meets at Minneapolis.

One of the queer things of the hour is that the Democracy of this state should have a quarrel in the face of "harmony"—namely, all are opposed to Quayism, all are opposed to tariff taxes, and all are in favor of electing a Democratic president this year. Can the trouble be that all want to be the next president?

Six more States will take part in the coming presidential election than ever before, and thirty more than elected the first president, says the Indianapolis *News*. Then there were fourteen States and sixty-five electoral votes; this year there will be forty-four States and 444 electoral votes. In 1888 the popular vote was, in round number, 11,400,000; in 1892 it is estimated that it will reach 13,000,000, the largest vote ever cast at any election which history records, and they will be scattered over a greater area of country.

In Pittsburg, Edward Sefton, who lived to the age of 101 years and two months, died yesterday at the residence of his son. The deceased was born in Warrington, Lancashire, England, and came to this country ten years ago. With the exception of being slightly deaf he maintained all his faculties. He had been a smoker all his life.

Foolish man if he had not been a smoker he might have lived to 115. Take warning smokers, lest you be cut off at 101.

The story told in a cable dispatch the other day, to the effect that 200 prisoners, confined in a prison at Rio de Janeiro, had broken loose, captured two forts and held the government forces at bay for many hours, is a most remarkable, even for South America. These desperadoes, with fuse to their cannon, actually demanded the reinstatement of the deposed Fonseca, thus attempting to appoint a ruler over one of the largest and richest countries on the face of the globe. Probably ancient and modern chronicles furnish no parallel for this astonishing episode.

The proposed candidacy of Ex-Senator Wallace and Chauncey F. Black for the Legislature this year leads the Carlisle *Volunteer* to urge the renomination of S. M. Wheery, of Cumberland county, who has already served three terms in the House, arguing that by such a course "the Republican party would be forced to send men of like honesty and ability to cope with our Wallaces, our Blacks and our Wherrys and legislation would come to be regarded highly responsible and honorable business instead of a farce, or a carnival of corruption, as it too often is."

THE POST-QUAY LIBEL SUIT.

A Republican jury found the Pittsburg *Post* guilty of libel against Quay. Of course that is what a Republican jury was wanted for. The *Post*, last fall printed the Quay-Bardsley certificate, charging Quay with being "in it." In both his libel suits Quay challenged all jurors who were not Republicans—of course such a trial would be a mockery of justice.

The *Post*, of 23rd says: The jury in the *Post*-Quay libel case has found a verdict of guilty. This cannot surprise the public, as it does not surprise us. A Republican court, a Republican prosecuting attorney and a Republican jury have convicted a Democratic journal of libel on a leader of the Republican party.

In the Quay trial at Beaver, the first part of the week, the Republican prosecuting attorney took the jury panel of thirty, selected sixteen Republicans out of it, and stood aside all the rest. Two of these sixteen were brothers-in-law of two of his attorneys; two were Republican office-holders and a fifth was a man standing very close to Senator Quay personally, who was stated in that county as frequently having handled his political bets. The defendants were then given the cheerless right of striking off four of these sixteen men, and going to trial before the remaining twelve. Of course there was a verdict of guilty.

In Allegheny county, in the trial against THE POST, the Republican district attorney, adopting the policy of his Republican brother in Beaver county, called fifty-three names from the panel, seven of these failed to answer, leaving forty-six out of which to select a jury of twelve. Out of these District Attorney Burleigh and Mr. Quay's private counsel selected sixteen acceptable to them and stood aside the remaining thirty. The only right of choice allowed the defendants was to strike out four of these sixteen. Even after the defendants had exhausted their four challenges, and were absolutely powerless in the matter of selection, the prosecution stood aside other jurors.

In this manner were the juries selected in Beaver and Allegheny counties by Mr. Quay's private counsel and the Republican district attorneys to vindicate Senator Quay.

In view of these facts we are justified in saying that the manner of securing these verdicts is of much more importance to the people than the results of the trials are to the defendants. It means that the declaration in the bill of rights guarranteeing the freedom of the press is a nullity. Let it now be understood that a Democratic journal cannot in a Republican county, with a Republican prosecuting attorney, criticise or expose the rascalities of any Republican officeholder or politician and expect to receive that "fair and impartial trial" without which the law guarantees no man shall be deprived of his liberty or property.

So firmly are we convinced of this injustice and wrong; of the tremendous possibilities of evil and oppression inseparable from this pernicious system, that THE POST will protest against it in the highest courts of our country. The future usefulness and liberty of the press to combat wrong in high places is involved in this issue. It exists in no other State in the Union than Pennsylvania. It is a relic of despotism.

FIGHT OR NO FIGHT.

Harrison's message leans for war.

Blaine does not favor a war, and thinks it best to give the Chilians time to cool off.

The New York *Tribune* is for fight.

General Beaver is strongly opposed to having a war, and thinks Chili too small to fight with.

Many of the Southern congressmen are strong advocates of war, more decided in that direction than Northern congressmen.

Ex-speaker Reed will say nothing.

Senator Hill sees no glory in thrashing Chili.

The Philadelphia *Times* thinks the dispute should be arbitrated and war avoided.

The London newspapers think the President's message is an election bluster.

The REPORTER breathes freer since the danger of war with Chili has passed. Te think of one of Chilies monstrous iron-clads steaming to the top of Tussey mountain to bombard Centre Hall, what a calamity that would have been for our country.

Works Successfully, Too.

The Centre Hall REPORTER put on a new dress with the first of the year and expects to catch several new beaux (subscribers.)—Clearfield *Republican*. The plan works effectively, dear brother from the number who have enrolled already this year and we have only fairly begun.

THE CHILIAN IMBROGLIO.

President Harrison sends a Message to Congress on Monday.

The president's message to congress has been delivered, and it is evident that this country is on the verge of a was with Chili. On every hand, on the streets, in the clubs, saloons and hotel-lobbies are heard groups discussing the intent of the president's message, and it is generally conceded that it means war, and that speedily. The only difference of opinion is as to the motives prompting the president's action, some holding that the executive is honest when he declares that a gross insult to the flag of the nation must be resented—by force of arms, if necessary—while others claim that he is simply bidding for another term of office.

The president in his message asserts that the sailors assaulted and killed at Valparaiso were attacked because they were Americans, and if Chili does not make reparation and a full apology, the United States must take stern and prompt action.

Secretary Tracy, of the navy department, talked very plainly, and apparently expects that war with Chili will be declared within a very few days. "The president's message," he said, "can only be accepted in one way. Chili has insulted and maligned our government as it has never been insulted and maligned before. The situation as the president places it before the country is simply this: Shall we acknowledge ourselves to be a nation of cowards, willing to permit our national dignity to be assailed, or shall we act the part of men and resent such conduct? I believe the common sense of the American people and their love of country will assert itself; that the president will be upheld, and that Chili will be forced either to apologize and make the proper reparation asked for by the president or take the consequences, which means that in thirty days we will be able to whip the entire Chilian navy. We will pounce on her from the quarters where she least expects it. It will be a naval fight from beginning to end. If either the Puritan or the Montery were ready for sea we could destroy all of Chili's fleet with either one of them.

Chili Apologizes.

The Chilian government has sent a reply to the ultimatum of the United States. The reply is in effect as follows:

Chili agrees to withdraw the offensive note sent by Senor Matta to all the Chilian ministers abroad and acknowledges that its issuance was due to an error of judgment. Chili also withdraws its request for the withdrawel of United States Minister Egan.

In addition to this, the Chilian government in its answer proposes that the affair of the attack on the Baltimore's sailors, in Valparaiso, be submitted to the arbitration of some neutral nation. If this proposition is not acceptable to the United States government, the Chilian government suggests that the matter be submitted to the decision of the supreme court of the United States.

MONEY IN THE BANKS.

There is a veritable gold mine in the banks of New York.

The last bank statement is the most remarkable one ever issued by the New York Clearing House.

It showed the deposits of the sixty-three banks aggregated $489,392,300, the largest amount in the history of New York, and a gain over the preceding week of $9,010,000.

This is a larger sum than is held in any other financial center in the Western Hemisphere. Only London and possibly one or two other European money centers can exhibit a more imposing total.

Thirty-nine per cent of the deposits and loans are held and made by eight banks and five banks do over one-fourth of the business of the Clearing House, the business of which in 1891 amounted to $33,749,322,211. The New York banks at the close of business last week held $24,566,615 in excess of the legal requirement.

In the country districts it is the reverse, there is not sufficient money while the large cities have an enormous surplus. The country districts would have better times if some of this capital was distributed among them.

Must Be a Resident.

Judge McClure, of Union county, has decided that the bondsman of a licensed liquor vender need not reside in the ward or township where the license was granted, but must be a resident of the county.

——Boots and shoes of good quality have always been handled at our store. To sell good quality at low prices has been a problem we have worked on for years and have found its solution. Our prices are very low and quality of the best—Powers Shoe store, Bellefonte.

An Adventurous Letter.

James Wilkinson, of Williamsport secretary and treasurer of the Telephone and Supply company; on Dec. 16 1891, started a letter to York, York county, this state, addressed to Mrs. Boyd C. Wilkinson, his sister-in-law. The letter only reached York on the 17th of the present month, having gone all the way to Christiana, Sweden, a distance of 8,000 miles, from which capital it was finally sent back to this country. The theory is that it stuck fast to the bottom of a letter bound for Christiana, Sweden, and clung to it until separated in the latter post office. This theory seems to be the plausible one and accounts for the absence of post marks on the out-going trip, although it was properly stamped both at Christiana and New York on the return trip. The letter was evidently a gay and festive one of an adventurous disposition and likewise bound to have a good time.

Cattle Starving to Death.

Thousands of cattle are slowly starving to death on the hills of Southern Idaho. The loss to the stock raisers will be tremendous. Every blade of grass upon the ranges is under from twenty-two to sixty inches of snow. This winter has not been equalled in severity since 1870. A rigorous season was not anticipated by ranchers and they delayed bringing the cattle to the lowlands. The delay has proven fatal, and a well-known stockman said that every domestic animal left in the hills is sure to meet death either from cold or hunger.

The Sleigh Overturned.

It seems Dr. Jacobs is about the only one who so far has been spilled out of his sleigh. Only a week or so ago, he went over a high embankment and last Thursday afternoon he was in another. He was driving out the road near the station and had his wife and baby with him and driving a spirited young horse. The sleigh struck a stone and upset, throwing them all out. The Dr. was severely skinned about the face, but the other occupants fortunately escaped injury. We would advise the Dr. to ballast his sleigh with several hundred pounds of metal, and thus avoid future mishaps.

Spring Election.

At the February election constables and assessors will be elected for three years; under the new law each district elects but one assessor, who does all the registering and assessing, and in the third year of his term makes the triennial assessment, hence the importance of exercising judgment in the selected. The new election law of the State goes into effect March 1, 1892. Under the new law the judges and inspectors elected next month will be required to hold the election next November. Election boards therefore should be chosen with a view to thorough competency and responsibility.

Teachers' Institute.

A Teachers' Institute will be held in Boalsburg on Friday and Saturday, January 29th and 30th. Mr. D. F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, will address the directors on Friday evening. A good program has been filled up and the sessions will be of more than ordinary interest.

The institute will be held by the teachers of Centre Hall and the townships of Potter, Haines, College and Ferguson.

Meets in Bellefonte.

The annual meeting of the Patriotic Order Sons of America anniversary association will be held in Bellefonte this year on the Fourth of July. There is no camp of the order in that place, and just how the arrangements are to be made for the meeting, is a subject that the members are discussing.

A Deep Cut.

To make room for spring stock on his counters, Lewins, at the Philad. Branch, Bellefonte, is disposing of his stock of winter goods at cut prices, and they are cut deeply. A heavy winter suit or an overcoat can be secured at a low figure from him. This is an opportunity seldom accorded the people of this valley.

A Man Almost Frozen.

On Sunday morning last Henry R. Newman, of Taylor township, this county discovered a man in a field near his house who was almost frozen to death. The man gave his name as John Scotchmorris, and he stated that he had fallen into a creek during the night. His feet were bably frozen and are black and blistered.

——Every well dressed gentleman get his clothing from the Philad. Branch Bellefonte. They can fit you out in any thing you want, at a bargain. You'll miss it greatly if you don't call to see his stock.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25, 1892.

Speaker Crisp is himself again, and the new rules for the House being ready it is expected that the House will now begin to get down to the serious business of the session. The republicans are making much of Mr. Mills having declined to serve as chairman of the Committee on Commerce, and they have made that the basis for a lot of cock and bull stories about his intending to antagonize on the floor of the House the separate tariff bills that may be reported from the Ways and Means committee. Mr. Mills is too good a democrat, proved by long and arduous service, to antagonize any policy that may be adopted by a democratic caucus, and there is little doubt that a caucus will soon be held for the purpose of outlining the party policy during the session.

It is probable that a joint caucus of the democratic Senators and Representatives will be held to discuss the Chilian correspondence and Mr. Harrison's message thereon. The message is lenghthy and the correspondence and accompanying documents voluminous, and Senators and Members are chary of expressing opinions for publication until they have had an opportunity to carefully study and digest them. It is hoped and believed that Congress will act as a unit when it does act. Foreigners should be made to understand that however much we may differ on matters of internal government we shoulder as united Americans on all matters pertaining to the foreign policy of the United States, and everybody should adopt the motto of the renowned patriot: "My country; may it always be right, but right or wrong, still my country."

Senators Voorhees and Turpie have their fight against the confirmation of Judge Woods, of Indiana, so vigorous that even the republican members of the Senate Judiciary Committee, before which the matter now is, have agreed to await the arrival of a number of witnesses, before disposing of the nomination. The charges involve the judicial integrity of Woods, as well as his display of political partisanship in his decisions, and the Indiana Senators say they will prove them by incontrovertible testimony.

The breath had hardly left the body of the late Justice Bradley, of the Supreme Court, who became so widely known in connection with the notorious 8 to 7 decision of the Electoral Commission, before republican Senators and Representatives began to make combinations to control the nomination of his successors. The hopes of Attorney General Miller are again raised, but it is not believed that the new Justice will be selected outside of the third district, composed of the States of Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware.

Representative Oates, of Alabama, is in earnest about his bill authorizing National Banks to loan money on real estate, and he made a strong argument in its favor before the House committee on Banking and Currency, taking the ground that it would largely increase the volume of currency in circulation, increase the value of real estate and cause many people, particularly in the South and West, to find profitable employment who are now without it. He also spoke in favor of the bill to suspend the 10 per cent tax on the circulating notes of State banking associations.

Republicans can see a great deal better than democrats if they can, as they profess to do, see where any one of the gentlemen who have been named as probable candidates of the democratic party for President will be specially benefitted by holding the National Convention at Chicago, instead of at some other city. None of the members of the National Committee, nearly all of whom your correspondent talked with, regarded the selection as having any connection with any Presidential candidate. No matter what city had been selected the same cry would have been raised.

Secretary Foster's illness was very convenient, as it enabled him to get rid, temporarily at least, of appearing before the House Committee on Ways and Means and answering some questions as to the condition of the country's finances. His place was taken by Assistant Secretary Spaulding, who made a statement about on a par with the statements usually published by the Treasury. He was not subjected to much questioning, as it is the Secretary that the members the Committee want to get at.

There are indications that all of the Southern Representatives elected as members of the Farmer' Alliance will soon be openly acting with the democrats, believing that more will be gained for the organization they represent by such an alliance than by going with their colleagues from the northwest into the third party movement.

Something for Trial Next Summer.

From the Carlisle (Pa.) Sentinel.

"I will eat roasting ears for dinner to-day," said George Hoffman, the saddler. Roasting ears in January struck the reporter as being somwhat of a novelty and he inquired if they were of green house culture. "No, they are not of green house culture. Never heard about the process? Well, I will tell you. When the corn is at its prime in the summer take the finest ears off the stalk, remove all but several layers of husks and pack them in a barrel. Then pack into a salt brine, not very strong, and pour this over the corn until it is all covered and several inches of brine is on top. Place a weight on the corn to hold it down and put it away. Wheu you want to use any take it out of the brine the evening previous and soak in water over night. Boil it as you would fresh roasting ears and you cannot distinguish any difference between it and the corn just from the stalk."

A Horse Seeks the Doctor.

The other day while Mr. G. L. Emery, of this place was away from home, his horse got loose in the stable and gained access to the feed chest, overloaded his stomach with good things and pretty soon was crazy with the pains which colic brings on. He broke out of the stable and ran as fast as his feet would carry him through the streets to the Patterson House, where he had been doctored some time before. The horse by his actions soon showed him to be a pretty sick horse, and was taken in charge of by Dr. Bechart who brought him around all right. The horse was not very wise in eating too much, but displayed good horse sense in hunting up the doctor.

Wants a Signal Station.

The Chemical and Physical Society of Bucknell University, of Lewisburg, is considering the matter of applying for a United States signal station to locate at that place. The observations are to be made by members of the society and reported by telegraph to Washington. Professor William G. Owens, instructor in chemistry and physics, has the matter in charge.

The Lutherans.

The census bureau has issued a bulletin of the returns of the entire Lutheran communion in the United States, which includes four general bodies, twelve independent synods and many independent congregations. The bulletin shows that the entire number of Lutheran organizations in the United States is 8,427, with 1,999,154 communicants, and holding property valued at $34,218,234. The largest number of communicants embraced in any one State is found in Pennsylvania, which has 219,089.

Advanced in Price.

Those who contemplate building during the present year may not be over-much delighted with the information that the committee representing the hemlock lumber producers recently met at Williamsport, and decided to recommend an immediate advance of 50 cents a thousand feet in the price of hemlock lumber over the average of 1891. It was decided to recommend a restriction of production this year of 25 per cent.

Good for Judge Krebs.

Judge Krebs made an order during the last Clearfield county license court to the effect that all landlords who refuse to give a meal to travelers any time they ask for it, after regular hours would have their license revoked.

Hand It To A Neighbor.

When you are through reading this copy of the REPORTER, kindly hand it to a neighbor, if he is not already a subscriber, and let him get a glimpse of the brightest and newsiest paper published in Centre county.

Carefullness Exercised.

Persons should be very careful when attacked by the grip that they do not suffer a relapse, as it is usually a great deal worse than the first attack, not unfrequently terminating in pneumonia, inflammation of the bowels, etc.

A Large One.

E. S. Miller, proprietor of the hotel at McClure, has a mustache that beats anything in that line we have ever seen. It measures twenty-one inches from tip to tip. Can any one beat it? —Lewistown *Free Press*.

Interesting Letters.

We have been very successful in securing an efficient correspondent at Coburn and also at Spring Mills who will in the future furnish the REPORTER with a weekly letter of interest to our readers in the respective places.

Communion Services.

Communion services will be held in the Centre Hill church, Sunday, 31st, at 10 a. m. Preparatory services Saturday morning, at 10 o'clock.

BURGLAR PROOF.

HOW A JEWELLER GUARDS HIS MANY TREASURES.

Safes Within Safes—All Enclosed in Frail but Sensitive Cabinets—Alarm Bells and a Watchman.

Here are 200 feet of show cases, half of them on each side of a long room, and back of them are as many feet of upright cases stood against the wall. In the rear of the room are more cases, and wherever there is room for them are costly music boxes, bronze statuettes, and other valuable articles of European and American make. All the show cases are full of jewelry and other articles made of gold and silver. For twenty feet near the front the cases hold nothing but real diamonds and other precious stones, for the place is a big jeweller's salesroom up town, where no imitation articles are sold—nothing but real gold and silver and real stones.

"What do you do with your goods at night?" the reporter asked the proprietor.

"You'll find it easier to get them in the daytime," Mr. Jeweller smilingly responded.

"But you have some system of securing them. Tell me what it is, for the information of the public—if it is no secret."

"There is no secret about it," the jeweller replied. "Do you see those three cabinets, those black walnut cabinets, against the east wall? We put everything in those at night."

"You trust to a black walnut cupboard all these cases of gold and diamonds, do you, valued at—at about how much?"

"If you take the entire lot," Mr. Jeweller laughed, "you can have it for $350,000. But come behind the counter with me and let me show you the cabinets."

The jeweller led the way to the middle of the east side of the room, between cases full of diamonds and costly stones on the one hand and upright cases full of silver teapots and trays and sugar bowls on the other hand.

"Here," he said, when the cabinets were reached, "is where we keep everything at night, except such large articles as would not go in. In our business it is not the big things, but the little ones that are valuable."

They were ordinary looking walnut cabinets, each perhaps seven feet high and five feet wide, and each with folding doors, an upper and a lower panel in each door. A boy might break them all open with a hammer in one minute.

But Mr. Jeweller threw open one of the pairs of folding doors and disclosed inside an immense safe, that seemed to say, "Come on, now, if you're a burglar; let's see what you can do!" It was one of the polished steel sort, with tremendous resistance written all over it.

"These are called burglar-proof safes," said the jeweler; "But I need not tell you that no safe is burglar proof. Nothing has been or can be made that cannot be broken, and an expert burglar can open any safe in the world. However, I think these are as nearly burglar-proof as any safe in New York. It is merely a question of time with a burglar, and these safes are warranted to resist any attack, except with explosives, for twelve hours. There is not much danger from gunpowder or dynamite in such an exposed place, and to operate with tools successfully requires twelve hours."

As he spoke he opened the safe doors. Three-fourths of the interior was divided into shelves, all of the same heighth and breadth. The other fourth was taken up by another safe, apparently complete in itself.

"There is where we keep our most valuable goods, the diamonds and other very costly articles," the jeweler continued, tapping the small inner safe. "There is one of these inside of each of the large safes, and each small safe is separate and complete in itself, with its own separate combination. If a burglar manages to reach the inside of one of the large safes he still has another safe to open before he can get the most valuable goods."

"But what an immense labor it must be to put all these goods in the safes every night and take them out again every morning," the reporter suggested.

"Not so much as you might think," Mr. Jeweller replied. "I will show you how it is done. Look at this showcase. You see the articles do not lie on the bottom of the case, but on little shallow velvet-lined trays. Those trays are made to fit the showcase, three of them being just the width of the case. The compartments in the safes are made to accommodate the trays, each compartment holding two tiers of six trays each. So before closing we have only to slide the trays into the safes, and everything is secured."

"That is very convenient," the reporter acknowledged, "and it seems to be very secure."

"Ah, but that is only the first step toward security?" the jeweller exclaimed. "You have seen that the safes are as strong as they can be made. That is all that steel can do for us. Now we call in electricity to stand guard. Each safe is connected by separate wires with the Burglar Alarm Company. If an explosion or any other jar should move one of them a sixteenth of an inch out of its place, a bell would ring in the headquarters of that company, and within ninety seconds two policemen would be here. If anybody should turn the combination knob a hair's breadth that would have the same effect. I used to have the wires run into my sleeping room, but I found that two or three times a year there would be some trouble with crossing wires, and I would be called out in a hurry in the middle of the night, and it gave me too much worry. So I had the wires connected with the Burglar Alarm Company, and now when I go home I do not give the goods another thought."

Mr. Jeweller here closed the safe doors and turned the little knob that locks them.

"We can lock or unlock them a hundred times a day," he continued, "but when we once lock them for the night, they are not opened again till next morning. When I set the combination for the night just before going home, I give an electric signal to the burglar alarm people, and that instant the alarm is set. If I should forget anything, and should open the safe myself after giving the signal, there would be two policemen here in a minute and a half, exactly the same as though a burglar were at work. Now do you think I can go home with an easy mind?"

"Perfectly," the reporter assented; "your goods are certainly safe."

"But that is only the second step towards security," Mr. Jeweller said. "Let me show you the third."

He closed the folding doors of the walnut cabinet.

"Tap one of those panels with your fingers, please," he said.

The sound that followed was muffled and heavy, entirely unlike the sound made by tapping a thin wooden panel.

"These slight cabinets are not as defenceless as they look, the jeweller continued "Those panels are made of pasteboard, and other parts of the cabinet, although of wood on the outside, have pasteboard within."

"And why pasteboard?" the reporter asked.

"Because pasteboard is a better nonconductor than wood. That panel you tapped is made of three thicknesses of pasteboard and two thicknesses of tin foil. First there is the outer pasteboard panel, which is stained and grained to imitate walnut; then a layer of tin foil; then a second sheet of pasteboard, then a second layer of tin foil; and finally a third sheet of pasteboard, which forms the back of the panel. The first sheet of tin foil is connected with the positive pole of an electric battery; the second sheet of tin foil is connected with the negative pole of a battery. With the sheet of pasteboard between them, the metallic sheets do not touch, and there is no circuit. But let a burglar begin to operate upon the cabinet, and run a knife blade or a gimlet or anything else through the panel, and the metallic tool, touching both sheets of tin foil, instantly completes the circuit, a bell rings in the burglar alarm office, and two policemen come, as before."

"Is that all?" the reporter asked.

"No, not quite," Mr. Jeweler smilingly replied. "Besides these little appliances we have a faithful watchman in the store all night. Part of his work is to press a little electric button every half hour from the time we lock the front door at night till we open it in the morning. Thereby he tells the burglar alarm people that he is awake and on duty. If he lets sixty seconds beyond the half hour pass without pressing the button, the two policemen come to see what is the matter, just as if somebody had tampered with the safes."

There were no more precautions, and the jeweler and the reporter emerged from the inner regions of gold and precious stones.—[New York Sun.

BIG SAURIANS.

Some Truths About Alligators Which Grow in the United States.

"Did you ever see an alligator catch flies?" asked a naturalist of a Star writer. "I have watched the performance by the hour. The saurian lies on a muddy bank in the sun, with his mouth wide open. Winged insects, attracted by the saliva of the beast, gather in swarms upon its tongue, just as though it were a sheet of fly paper. When a sufficient number has collected it closes its jaws suddenly, and with a gulp the little torments have disappeared, affording at once revenge and an agreeable flavor. You have often heard, I dare say, of the little bird that enters the mouth of the crocodile without fear, in order to pluck therefrom certain parasites which the reptiles could not otherwise get rid of. That is a fact, although it failed to be recognized as such by science for a long time.

"On many occasions I have had opportunities of observing alligators in pursuit of prey. They will eat meat in any shape, from water fowl to fishes. Sometimes they moor themselves by their tails to the shore, with mouths agape, and silently absorb shoals of mullet and other comparatively small fry which pass along through the shallows. But a favorite way of theirs is to lie upon the surface of the water and quietly gobble any ducks or other animals that come within reach. Their heads are so constructed that when they are thus floating only their eyes and and the tip end of the nose are above the surface. Thus they are able to breathe and to see at the same time, without exposing themselves to any extent. A snap, and all is over with the victim.

"Perhaps I have seemed to confuse the alligator and the crocodile. In fact, there are two kinds of crocodiles in the United States—the true crocodile and the alligator. The former is very rare, indeed, and it only can be distinguished from the latter by a differance in the shape of the head. Alligators have been found in the rivers and estuaries as far north as North Carolina, though not within recent years. For a long time past hunters have sought them so persistently and have slain them so recklessly that they are rapidly becoming extinct. At present their numbers in Florida and on the Gulf coast are few. In the unexplored Everglades and other great swamps of those regions they still survive in numbers, awaiting the crack of the sportsman's rifle to anounce their demise, preliminarily to sending their hides and teeth to northern markets.

"In times past and to this day, according to current tradition, alligators have been credited with being very ferocious; but the fact seems to be that they are sluggish and timid. In South America the natives often wade into the water where they are and pull them out by the tails. So it is said, at all events. When winter approaches, they embed themselves in the mud of the shallows, where they hibernate and lie dormant until spring. They breed in April and May, when the female seeks a sheltered spot on a bank and constructs a small mound of mud and other material, in which she deposits her eggs, to the number of 100 or 200. First she lays upon the ground a stratum of mud and grass, on which she deposits a layer of eggs; on this she places another srratum of grass and mud, then more eggs, and so on. The eggs are hatched by the sun, assisted by the heat which the decomposing vegetable material generates. As soon as hey are hatched the infant alligators scramble for the water.

"Alligator leather is becoming dearer nowadays on account of the increasing rarity of the animals. Good hides are worth $10 each. The teeth are of an excellent quality of ivory, from which trinkets are carved. Of late there has arrived a fashion of making the skin of the feet with the claws attached, into pocket books and hand satchels. The leather has the great advantage of being absolutely water proof. From glands in the lower jaw musk is obtained. It is not of very good quality, but it serves as a basis for certain perfumes. Oil obtained from the fat, is supposed to have medicinal qualities. Hundreds of thousands of years ago there were crocodiles which measured as much as fifty feet in length, but there are no such giants in these days.

In the Vale of Cashmere.

No longer does the Vale of Cashmere haunt the imagination of poetical readers, for "Lalla Rookh" and Tom Moore have little attraction for the present generation. Some visions, however, of the marble palaces, the roses, and the floating gardens of Serinagar, come back to us on reading the accounts sent home of the state visit of Lord and Lady Lansdowne to that city and their reception by the maharajah in his state barge, accompanied by all his ministers. It was about two hours after noon that the scarlet-clad rowers of the barge bearing the viceregal party were descried rounding a wide sweep of the river, and slowly the long procession of state house-boats came into view, making a striking picture in the bright sunshine, with a setting of river scenery and a background of snow-capped mountains. After the officials had been presented to the viceroy the procession went on its way amidst the firing of salutes, the sounds of military music and the quaintly picturesque houses lining the banks, which presented an "unbroken sea of turbaned heads." The whole population seemed to have turned out, and the broad river, the blue sky, the gay barges, and the bright-liveried crews made up, we are told, a magnificent picture, closed in by the lofty hills beyond the Lake-i-Suliman, lit up by the glow of the evening sun. The procession reached the residency at 5.15, the landing of the viceroy being the signal for the firing of another royal salute.—[London News.

Bog Butter.

Numerous specimens of bog butter are to be seen in the Irish museums, which were discovered during the past century by peasants engaged in digging peat. Some of them were dug from depths of ten, fifteen and even eighteen feet below the surface of the ground, and considerable antiquity must be allotted to the finds, although no absolute data exists by which the average increase of bog soil may be calculated. Examples of this butter weigh as much as thirty and forty pounds and upwards, and are identified, by the numerous hairs of reddish color, as being the product of the cow. The butter is found packed in hollowed vessels of wood, and in masses of irregular form. The latter are usually surrounded with a layer of moss, and at times have an additional covering of linen cloth. The object of this burying butter in peat or immersing it in bog water would appear to be its preservation under circumstances and in districts where salt could not be procured. Chemical examination still demonstrates the presence of those oily acids obtainable from ordinary butter, and the absence of common salt. This is characteristic, for in the County Cork, butter is still made without the subsequent addition of salt. The practice of burying it has long passed into oblivion, and even the tradition is forgotten by the descendants of the race who must in former years have employed it as an ordinary and familiar proceeding.—[Boston Transcript.

Pretty Winter Ornaments.

A pretty mantel-piece ornament may be obtained by suspending an acorn, by a piece of thread tied around it, within half an inch of the surface of some water contained in a vase, tumbler, or saucer, and allowing it to remain undisturbed for several weeks. It will soon burst open, and small roots will seek the water; a straight and tapering stem, with beautiful glossy green leaves, will shoot upward and present a very pleasing appearance. Chestnut trees may be grown in the same manner, but their leaves are not so beautiful as those of the oak. The water should be changed once a month, taking care to supply water of the same warmth; bits of charcoal added to it will prevent the water from souring. If the little leaves turn yellow, add one drop of ammonia into the utensil which holds the water, and they will renew their luxuriance.

Another pretty ornament is made by wetting a sponge and sprinkling it with hemp, grass, canary and other seeds. The sponge should be refreshed with water daily, so as to be kept moist. In a few days the seeds will germinate, and the sponge will soon be covered with masses of green foliage.—[Detroit Free Press.

A Hospital for Dogs.

To complete its list of varied attractions Chicago now has a hospital and boarding house for dogs—not the mongrels and curs that haunt the alleys, but the high-bred aristocratic St. Bernards, simpering and fuzzy poodles, bright, intelligent Manchester spaniels and fox-terriers.

L. F. Whitman is warden of the institution and his wife is assistant. Mr. Whitman is a veteran writer for the sportsman journal and has given the greater part of his life to a study of the different breeds of dog, and the peculiarities of each. A few years ago he opened a store on Wabash avenue for the supply of foods and medicines to kennels, but his business increased so rapidly that the hospital was a result. Only a few days ago he took possession of the six-room house on Fifty-sixth street.

The first floor is divided into stalls for the use of the dogs. The warden and his wife occupy the second floor. At present there are forty animals being boarded and doctored. The animals are valued all the way from $800.—[Chicago News.

AN INDIAN SCHOOL.

STUDYING AND WORKING AT CARLISLE, PENN.

How the Work of School and Shop Is Arranged—Boys and Girls Who Find Employment on Farms.

Twelve years ago Captain R. R. Pratt, tenth cavalry, was detailed to take about eighty Indian children from the west to the old post at Carlisle, Penn., and organize a school. That was the start. The institution has grown steadily and is still under the care of Captain Pratt, as superintendent, who is under the direction of the commissioner of Indian affairs. He is the only army officer on duty there and is aided by a large staff of teachers and matrons. There is a disciplinarian, Mr. Campbell, who has charge of the boys, and an assistant disciplinarian, Mr. Wolf, a young Carlisle man, who recently graduated from a military institute in New York. Mr. Standing is assistant superintendent. There is an office force, a physician, a matron in charge of the little boys, another, with two assistants, in charge of the girls' quarters, and a corps of teachers, headed by Miss Fisher, the principal. Nearly all of them live on the grounds, forming a pleasant community.

A large campus is inclosed by the girls' quarters on the north, the houses of the superintendent and his assistant and the office on the east, the school building and the teachers' quarters on the south and the school dining hall on the west. Trees of great age grow in the western half, and at the edge of the grove stands a neat band pavilion for summer evening concerts. Between that and the east walk is a fine stretch of green sward for drilling purposes.

The 340 boys are organized into a battalion of five companies, with Indians for officers. Dennison Wheelock, a full-blooded Oneida, is major. Four of the companies are composed of the large boys and the other one of one hundred little fellows, who are quartered together under the care of a matron. They have no arms, but they drill very well in the foot movements.

All the pupils of the school are uniformed, the boys in a light grayish blue with red trimmings, and neat caps, and the girls in navy blue dresses, flat blue felt hats at this season and long blue cloaks.

The main work of the institution, of course, is done in the school rooms, which are effectively located in a new building that forms the southern end of the rectangle. It stands on the site of the old cavalry barracks that formed a part of the original military post of years ago. It is a well-designed structure, with stairways both inside and outside of the walls. There are twelve large class rooms, furnished as well as any school room in Washington; an office for the principal, Miss Fisher; a music room and a large chapel or assembly room in the centre of the second floor that will seat fully six hundred people.

There are twelve classes going all the time, each in charge of a teacher who does not change.

The varying qualifications of the pupils when they report, caused by the variety of school conditions in the West, render it impracticable to grade the pupils according to their ages, and it often occurs that a little tot of ten sits next to a great, strapping lad of sixteen and makes the same progress. This is especially true in the case of instruction in English, in which the younger pupils are apt to be far more ready than the elder ones. There is an instance of a lad in one of the lower grades and his father in a room only two years more advanced. The father, after he had been at Carlisle a year, sent for the boy.

The English language is taught by means of objects and lip motions. Two years are usually allowed a pupil to get hold of the English that is supposed to be required of a citizen, and in the meantime every effort is made to break up the habit of the aboriginal tongue. The means employed is a regulation that forms half of Carlisle's dialogue. There are but two commandments that are insisted upon. One is, Thou shalt not speak Indian; and the other—Thou shalt not use tobacco. These offenses are regarded as equally enormous.

Most of the shops that form the industrial part of the plant are located in a large one-storied building built on three sides of a square in the rear of the boys' quarters, forming the extreme northern boundary of the establishment. There are five of them here, where the boys are trained to be tailors, tinners, cobblers, carpenters and harness makers.

The industrial classes of the girls are placed in the dining hall building and are largely utilitarian; that is, they produce goods for home consumption. The sewing room and a tailoring or dress-making establishment are on the second floor; the school kitchen is used for the classes in cooking, while the girls are given courses in the laundry and ironing room. A graduated student has charge of the bakery, with two student apprentices as assistants.

Journeymen printers are turned out from the school printing office, which is located in a large and well-lighted room over the boiler plant. Here a couple of dozen boys set type and manage the presses that produce the job work for the school as well as a little weekly news sheet called The Helper, and a monthly review entitled The Redman.

Small wages are paid in the shops, so as to remove cause for complaint that the pupils are forced to do the labor of the institution, as well as to afford some incentive for earnest work. The compensations range from six to twelve cents for each half-day's attendance in the shops. The money is put to the credit of the pupils in the school bank. The girls get no wages except as waitresses in the dining rooms.

A very creditable band of about twenty pieces furnishes music for the school on all occasions. It is at present led by a bright young Oneida named Dennison Wheelock, who has finished his course at Carlisle and is now attending law lectures at the Dickinson College. He has recently secured a full set of new silver instruments, and by hard and patient work has managed to drill his companions into the production of some very excellent music.

There is a choir of about thirty or thirty-five voices, led by one of the matrons and accompanied by a teacher on the piano and Dennison Wheelock on the cornet. The leading soprano is a little Pueblo girl, who wears glasses, whose voice has an excellent range though somewhat small power.

The foot ball and base ball teams compete with those of the town at frequent intervals, and there is always a great deal of uncertainty as to the results. A few years ago some of the boys played lacrosse, the native Indian game of ball, but it did not grow in favor in competition with base ball and so it died out. This presents an odd spectacle of evolution.

Capt. Pratt's appropriations and accomodations are sufficient to provide for only about 550 pupils, but he has managed to take nearly 800 in altogether by building up his system of farm employment. It was started several years ago, and has become so successful and so widely known that he is constantly in receipt of letters from well-to-do people all over Pennsylvania and the neighboring states asking for a reliable Indian boy or girl. When such a letter comes he first makes inquiries by correspondence as to the character of the applicant and then he picks out a worthy pupil whom he thinks would be satisfactory and offers him the place. Seldom does he receive a refusal. The wages offered are not very large, but as the boys and girls have seldom before earned any money at all, they are eager for the opportunity. In some cases nothing is paid, but the pupil is assured of a comfortable home, his board and clothes, and a chance to attend school. As high as twelve dollars a month is sometimes paid to an Indian girl.

These pupils are taken directly into the farmers' families and work and associate with their children. It is estimated that the civilizing influence thus spread among the Indians is beyond value. There is a form of contract whereby the pupil agrees to go to the farm and the farmer makes known his terms. A certain period is usually stated for the duration of the agreement, most often six months, but in many cases boys and girls grow so fond of this life that they never return to Carlisle, but remain on the farms or drift into other services. A great many have been thus introduced into white society in this way.

At present there are 142 boys and 84 girls off on farms, a total of 226. They are going and coming all the time, and the greatest care has to be taken with the records to keep them in shape. Last year over $15,000 was earned by the pupils who were off on farms, most of which was saved. There is a constant increase in this wage figure from year to year. Weekly reports are made by the farmers to Capt. Pratt, giving not only a summary of the pupils' conduct, but also a statement of his money account. In but very few cases the conduct report is excellent. The farmer has the privilege of proper discipline.

There are two farms connected with the institution; one quite near at hand, where most of the cows are kept, and the other about three miles distant, where the general supplies for the school are raised. Capt. Pratt does not depend wholly on the government for the support of the school, as he has quite a fund at his disposal, built up by contributions by charitable individuals.—[Washington Star.

Mountain Lions Galore.

On the last trip of L. H. Gaskill into the region about San Francisquito Bay, on the Gulf coast, he saw lions and lynxes and wildcats enough to stock a menagerie. In one canon, where his party was encamped, the burros wandered off and Mr. Gaskill started to find them. When about half a mile from the camp he heard them come tearing down ahead of him as if the Old Nick himself was after them, and they dashed on down toward camp. He knew that some wild beast had frightened them, and although unharmed he went on in the hope of getting a glimpse.

When he had gone a hundred yards further and had climbed onto a large table rock he was astonished to see four full-grown mountain lions not more than sixty feet ahead of him, and they seemed to have seen him first and were looking straight at him. Mr. Gaskill remembers distinctly that his hair stood on end, if ever a man's did, but he doesn't remember all the minute details of his return to the camp—only he got there muy pronto. He and his partner took rifles and went after the lions, but they had gone. That night the burros were tied unusually secure, but their occasional snorts and efforts to break away indicated that the wild animals were after meat. A blazing fire kept them at a distance.

Mr. Gaskill states that the Mexicans and Indians living on that part of the peninsula are in mortal dread of meeting a lion, as the beasts are in a constantly famished condition, and have been known to follow men for hours, awaiting a favorable opportunity to pounce upon them.—[Lower California.

Scale Jewelry in Florida.

The fish-scale jewelry which appears to be peculiar to Florida, and especially to Jacksonville and St. Augustine, is extremely pretty. It is made of the scales of the bass, which are scraped and cleaned until they assume a fine opaque white. The scales are then folded into the shape of flower petals and are put together and mounted with silver wire.

Flowers are the favorite device, although occasionally buds are fashioned and placed against the plush background of a panel. The prettiest of all are the sprays of flowers in the purest and daintiest of white, the veining of leaves and petals formed by silver wire, and with pearls for the heart of the flower. These are used for corsage ornaments and for the hair. Single flowers, generally pansies, in their natural colors, are used for lace pins, and several large ones together often form the top of a high tortoise shell comb. Sweet pea, single and double, white and purple violets, and even the delicate, pink-tipped English daisy are favorites, and hundreds and thousands are every year carried away by tourists as souvenirs of a trip to Florida.—[Jewelers' Circular.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In an address delivered at the Chicago Auditorium under the auspices of the Chicago Press Club, Dr. Leslie E. Keeley, discoverer of the remedy for the alcohol habit, made clear why he so steadfastly refused to give up the secret of cure to the public. In explaining why he did not make his secret public property, he said he was afraid that it would soon be a sobering-up process instead of a cure; that it would be used by liquor dealers themselves to brace their patrons up after a protracted spree, only to get into condition for another debauch. Under such circumstances, the doctor said, to give his cure to the public would be to destroy its efficacy.

Everything curious found nowadays is, of course, destined to be exhibited at the World's Fair, and this is the case with the medal that was recently dug up on an island in the Columbia River by Dr. N. G. Blalock of Walla Walla. He believes it to be a memento of the Lewis and Clark expedition which was presented to some chiefs of the Cayuse and Walla Walla Indians by the explorers. On one side is a facsimile of the head of Thomas Jefferson, around which, in a circle appear the words, "Th. Jefferson, President of the U. S., A. D. 1801." On the other side is a tomahawk crossed with a pipe, and below are a pair of clasped hands with the inscription, "Peace and Friendship."

American doctors should know, lest they should get into trouble, that an American diploma in medicine does not entitle one to call himself a docter in England. An American doctor tried it recently, and was prosecuted for the offense and convicted. On an appeal being taken, the Lord Chief Justice of England expressed the opinion that within the meaning of the law of England our countryman had falsely represented himself as an M. D., had falsely pretended to be a doctor of medicine, having "only an American degree," said Lord Coleridge. His appeal was dismissed and he will now have the pleasure of paying into the treasury of the Queen the sum of $100, for using in England a title to which in America he has a legal right.

There is a humerous phase to the war on the English sparrow in Illinois. Its great enemy is, of course, the small boy, and his name is legion. He has adopted as a means of extermination every known weapon of offence, from a shotgun to a toy pistol, and from a sling to a brickbat; and he has made himself more of a nuisance than the destructive little bird which he is pursuing. The citizens of Bloomington complain that their business is interrupted and their domestic peace rudely shocked by the constant fusillade of firearms. Moreover, they say it is unsafe to walk the streets, many persons having been wounded by bird-shot intended for the common enemy. The glass of conservatories and private houses has also suffered. Unpopular as the sparrow is, the opinion is general that that the Bounty Bill was passed in a spirit of misguided zeal. Meanwhile, the sparrow seems to be as ubiquitous as ever.

The Columbia River and Puget Sound have become the steamboat racing waters of the United States, and great is the rivalry among the boats that ply between Seattle and Tacoma. The Hudson steamer, City of Kingston, which was a fast craft in her day and is now one of the Sound fleet, has been easily distanced by the new racing boats. The best of them at present are the Victorian and the Flyer, both of which are screw propellers with powerful engines. Now and then the word goes round that there is to be a race, and the demand for tickets forthwith becomes tremendous. All decks are crowded with people of the rival cities, the boats sheer out from their wharves, and the fun begins. There are no snags to be feared, the water is smooth and deep, and fast time is always made. Two years ago the trip between the cities took many hours; the time has now been reduced to one hour and fifteen minutes.

Most experienced railroad men feel that the possibilities of steam practice are nearly reached, and that much greater speed is not practicable. A maximum of 90 miles an hour, with a running speed of 60 to 70, is all that can be hoped for under the very best conditions. The limitations are numerous, and are well-known to all engineers. The Scientific American says that the maximum speed of which a locomotive is capable has not been materially increased in a number of years. The schedule time has been shortened, principally by reducing gradients, straightening curves, filling up ravines, and replacing wooden structures by permanent ones of iron or stone; by the use of heavy rails, safer switches, improved methods of signaling, the interlocking switch and signal system, the abolition of level crossings; in fact, by improvements in detail and management, which permit a higher speed on a more extended section of road, because of greater safety and the greater degree of confidence inspired in the engine-driver.

The causes of the breaking down of the governmental machinery for the distribution of the relief fund in Russia are doubtless to be found in the curruption of some officials and the inefficiency of many more. There is a popular impression that the administrative systems of despotisms are more simple, more direct and more effective than those of free countries. The truth is, that despotisms breed administrative systems so full of jobbery and corruption and inefficiency that the only reform possible is revolution. This was the case with the old Bourbon monarchy in France, and is the case with the Russian Government to-day. Old Czar Nicholas, the grandfather of the present autocrat, used to view the corruption in the public service from the standpoint of the cynic-humorist. He once amused himself by declaring to Count Benckendoff that there was at least one high official whom he (the czar) could trust, one man who would not steal his soldier's and sailor's pay or food, nor pull the masts out of his ships to sell. The count smiled and bowed, and in the expectant tone of one who thinks he knows who is meant asked "And that man is?" "That man is myself," responded the czar. This story may not be true, but it is good, which is better.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Eminent Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "Echoes."

TEXT: "*The sounding again of the mountains.*"—Ezekiel vii. 7.

At last I have it. The Bible has in it a recognition of all phrases of the natural world from the aurora of the midnight heavens to the phosphorescence of the tumbling sea. But the well known sound that we call the Echo I found not until a few days ago I discovered it in my text, "The sounding again of the mountains." That is the Echo. Ezekiel of the text heard it again and again.

Born among mountains, and in his journey to distant exile, he had passed among mountains, and it was natural that all through his writings there should loom up the mountains. Among them he had heard the sound of cataracts and of tempests in wrestle with oak and cedar, and the voices of wild beast, but a man of so poetic a nature as Ezekiel could not allow another sound, viz., the Echo, to be disregarded, and so he gives us in our text "The sounding again of the mountains."

Greek mythology represented the Echo as a nymph, the daughter of Earth and Air, following Narcissus through forests and into grottoes and every whither, and so strange and weird and startling is the Echo I do not wonder that the superstitious have lifted it into the supernatural. You and I in boyhood or girlhood experimented with this responsiveness of sound. Standing half way between the house and barn, we shouted many times to hear the reverberations, or out among the mountains back of our home, on some long tramp, we stopped and made exclamation with full lungs just to hear what Ezekiel calls "the sounding again of the mountains."

The Echo has frightened many a child and many a man. It is no tame thing after you have spoken to hear the same words repeated by the invisible. All the silences are filled with voices ready to answer. Yet it would not be so startling if they said something else, but why do those lips of the air say just what you say? Do they mean to mock or mean to please? Who are you and where are you, thou wondrous Echo? Sometimes its response is a reiteration. The shot of a gun, the clapping of the hands, the beating of a drum, the voice of a violin are sometimes repeated many times by the Echo.

Near Coblentz—that which is said has seventeen Echoes. In 1776, a writer says that near Milan, Italy, there were seventy such reflections of sound to one snap of a pistol. Play a bugle near a lake of Killarney and the tune is played back to you as distinctly as when you played it. There is a well two hundred and ten feet deep at Carlsbrooke castle, in the Isle of Wight. Drop a pin into that well and the sound of its fall comes to the top of the well distinctly. A blast of an Alpine horn comes back from the rocks of Jungfrau in surge after surge of reflected sound, until it seems as if every peak had lifted and blown an Alpine horn.

But have you noticed—and this is the reason for the present discourse—that this Echo in the natural world has its analogy in the moral and religious world? Have you noticed the tremendous fact that what we say and do comes back in recoiled gladness or disaster? About this resonance I preach this sermon.

First—Parental teaching and example have their Echo in the character of descendants. Exceptions? Oh, yes. So in the natural world there may be no Echo, or a distorted Echo, by reason of peculiar proximities, but the general rule is that the character of the children is the Echo of the character of the parents. The general rule is that good parents have good children and bad parents have bad children. If the old man is a crank, his son is apt to be a crank and the grandchild a crank. The tendency is so mighty in that direction that it will get worse and worse unless some hero or heroine in that line shall rise and say: "Here! By the help of God, I will stand this no longer. Against this hereditary tendency to queerness I protest." And he or she will set up an altar and a magnificent life that will reverse things, and there will be no more cranks among that kindred.

In another family the father and mother are consecrated people. What they do is right. What they teach is right. The boys may for some time be wild and the daughter worldly, but watch! Years pass on, perhaps ten years, twenty years, and you go back to the church where the father and mother used to be consistent members.

You have heard nothing about the family for twenty years, and at the door of the church you see the sexton and you ask him, "Where is old Mr. Webster?" "Oh, he has been dead many years!" "Where is Mrs. Webster?" "Oh, she died fifteen years ago!" "I suppose their son Joe went to the dogs?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "he is up there in the elders' seat. He is one of our best and most important members. You ought to hear him pray and sing. He is not Joe any longer, he is Elder Webster." "Well, where is the daughter Mary? I suppose she is the same thoughtless butterfly she used to be?" "Oh, no," says the sexton, "she is the president of our missionary society and the directress in the orphan asylum, and when she goes down the street all the ragamuffins take hold of her dress and cry, 'Auntie, when are you going to bring us some more books and shoes and things?' And when, in times of revival, there is some hard case back in a church pew that no one else can touch, she goes where he is, and in one minute she has him a-crying, and the first thing we know she is fetching the hardened man up to the front to be prayed for, and says, 'Here is a brother who wants to find the way into the kingdom of God.' And if nobody seems ready to pray, she kneels down in the aisle beside him and says, 'O Lord!' with a pathos and a power and a triumph that seem instantly to emancipate the hardened sinner. Oh, no! you must not call her a thoughtless butterfly in our presence. You see we would not stand it." The fact is that the son and daughter of that family did not promise much at the start, but they are now an Echo, a glorious Echo, a prolonged Echo of parental teaching and example.

A Vermont mother, as her boy was about to start for a life on the sea, said: "Edward, I have never seen the ocean, but I understand the great temptation is strong drink. Promise me you will never touch it." Many years after that, telling of this in a meeting, Edward said: "I gave that promise to mother, and have been around the world, and at Calcutta, the ports of the Mediterranean, San Francisco, Cape of Good Hope and north and south poles, and never saw a glass of liquor in all those years that my mother's form did not appear before me, and I do not know how liquor tastes. I never have tasted it and all because of the promise I made to my mother."

This was the result of that conversation at the gate of the Vermont farmhouse. The statuary of Thorwaldsen was sent from Italy to Germany, and the straw in which the statues had been packed was thrown upon the ground. The next spring beautiful Italian flowers sprang up where this straw had been cast, for in it had been some of the seeds of Italian flowers, and, whether conscious of it or not, we are all the time planting for ourselves and planting for others roses or thorns. You thought it only straw, yet among it were anemones.

But here is a slipshod home. The parents are a godless pair. They let their children do as they please. No example fit to follow. No lessons of morality or religion. Sunday no better than any other day. The Bible no better than any other book. The house is a sort of inn where the older and younger people of the household stop for awhile. The theory acted on, though perhaps not announced, is: "The children will have to do as I did and take their chances. Life is a lottery anyhow, and some draw prizes and some draw blanks, and we will trust to luck."

Skip twenty years and come back to the neighborhood where that family used to live. You meet on the street or on the road an old inhabitant of that neighborhood, and you say, "Can you tell me anything about the Petersons who used to live here?" "Yes," says the old inhabitant; "I remember them very well. The father and mother have been dead for years." "Well, how about the children? What has become of them?" The old inhabitant replies: "They turned out badly. You know the old man was about half an infidel and the boys were all infidels. The oldest son married, but got into drinking habits, and in a few years his wife was not able to live with him any longer, and his children were taken by relatives, and he died of delirium tremens on Blackwell's island. His other son forged the name of his employer and fled to Canada.

"One of the daughters of the old folks married an inebriate with the idea of reforming him, and you know how that always ends—in the ruin of both the experimenter and the one experimented with. The other daughter disappeared mysteriously and has not been heard of. There was a young woman picked out of the East River and put in the morgue, and some thought it was her, but I cannot say." "Is it possible?" you cry out. "Yes, it is possible. The family is a complete wreck." My hearers, that is just what might have been expected. All this is only the Echo, the dismal Echo, the awful Echo, the dreadful Echo of parental obliquity and unfaithfulness. The old folks heaped up a mountain of wrong influences, and this is only what my text calls "the sounding of the mountains."

Indeed our entire behavior in this world will have a resound. While opportunities fly in a straight line and just touch us once and are gone never to return, the wrongs we practice upon others fly in a circle, and they come back to the place from which they started. Doctor Guillotine thought it smart to introduce the instrument of death named after him, but did not like it so well when his own head was chopped off with the guillotine.

So also the Judgment Day will be an Echo of all our other days. The universe needs such a day, for there are so many things in the world that need to be fixed up and explained. If God had not appointed such a day all the nations would cry out, "Oh, God, give us a Judgment Day." But we are apt to think of it and speak about it as a day away off in the future, having no special connection with this day or any other day. The fact is that we are now making up its voices; its trumpets will only sound back again to us what we now say and do. That is the meaning of all that Scripture which says that Christ will on that day address the soul, saying, "I was naked and Ye clothed me; I was sick and in prison and Ye visited me."

All the footsteps in that prison corridor as the Christian reformer walks to the wicket of the incarcerated, yea all the whispers of condolence in the ear of that poor soul dying in that garret, yea all the kindnesses are being caught up and rolled on until they dash against the judgment throne and then they will be struck back into the ears of these sons and daughters of mercy. Louder than the crash of Mount Washington falling on its face in the world wide catastrophe, and the boiling of the sea over the furnaces of universal conflagration will be the Echo and re-echo of the good deeds done and the sympathetic words uttered and the mighty beneactions wrought.

On that day all the charities, all the self-sacrificies, all the philanthropies, all the beneficent last wills and testaments, all the Christian work of all the ages, will be piled up into mountains, and those who have served God and served the suffering human race will hear what my text styles "The sounding of the mountains."

My subject advances to tell you that eternity itself is only an echo of time. Mind you, the analogy warrants my saying this. The echo is not always exactly in kind like the sound originally projected. Lord Raleigh says that a woman's voice sounding from a grove was returned an octave higher. A scientist playing a flute in Fairfax County, Va., found that all the notes were returned, although some of them in a raised pitch.

A trumpet sounded ten times near Glasgow, Scotland, and the ten notes were all repeated, but a third lower. And the spiritual law corresponds with the natural world. What we do of good or bad may not come back to us in just the proportion we expect it, but come back it will; it may be from a higher gladness than we thought or from a deeper woe, from a mightier conqueror or from a worse captive, from a higher throne or deeper dungeon. Our prayer or our blasphemy, our kindness or our cruelty, our faith or our unbelief, our holy life or our dissolute behavior, will come back somehow.

Suppose the boss of a factory or the head of a commercial firm some day comes out among his clerks or employes, and putting his thumbs in the armholes of his vest says, with an air of swagger and jocosity: "Well, I don't believe in the Bible or the church. The one is an imposition and the other is full of hypocrites. I declare I would not trust one of those very pious people further than I could see him." That is all he says, but he has said enough. The young men go back to their counters or their shuttles and say within themselves, "Well, he is a successful man and has probably studied up the whole subject and is probably right."

That one lying utterance against Bibles and churches has put five young men on the wrong track, and though the influential man had spoken only in half jest, the echo shall come back to him in five ruined lifetimes and five destroyed eternities. You see the Echoes are an octave lower than he anticipated. On the other hand, some rainy day, when there are hardly any customers, the Christian merchant comes out from his counting room and stands among the young men who have nothing to do, and says: "Well, boys, this is a dull day, but it will clear off after awhile. There are a good many ups and downs in business, but there is an overruling Providence.

"Years ago I made up my mind to trust God and He has always seen me through. I remember when I was your age, I had just come to town and the temptations of city life gathered around me, but I resisted. The fact is there were two old folks out on the old farm praying for me and I knew it, and somehow I could not do as some of the clerks did or go where some of the clerks went. I tell you, boys, it is best always to do right, and there is nothing to keep one right like the old fashioned religion of Jesus Christ. John, where did you go to church last Sunday? Henry, how is the Young Men's Christian association prospering?"

About noon the rain ceases and the sun comes out and the clerks go to their places, and they say within themselves: "Well, he is a successful merchant and I guess he knows what he is talking about, and the Christian religion must be a good thing. God knows I want some help in this battle with temptation and sin." The successful merchant who uttered the kind words did not know how much good he was doing, but the echo will come back in five lifetimes of virtue and usefulness, and five Christian deathbeds and five heavens. From all the mountains of rapture and all the mountains of glory and all the mountains of eternity, he will catch what Ezekiel in my text styles "The sounding again of the mountains."

Yes, I take a step further in this subject and say that our own eternity will be a reverberation of our own earthly lifetime. What we are here we will be there, only on a larger scale. Dissolution will tear down the body and embank it, but our faculties of mind and soul will go right on without the hesitancy of a moment and without any change except enlargement and intensification. There will be no more difference than between a lion behind the iron bars and a lion escaped into the field, between an eagle in a cage and an eagle in the sky. Good here, good there; bad here, bad there. Time is only a bedwarfed eternity. Eternity is only an enlarged time.

In this life our soul is in dry dock. The moment we leave this life we are launched for our great voyage, and we sail on for centuries quintillion, but the ship does not change its fundamental structure after it gets out of the dry dock, it does not pass from brig to schooner or from schooner to man-of-war. What we are when launched from this world we will be in the world to come. Oh, God! by Thy converting and sanctifying spirit make us right here and now that we may be right forever!

"Well," says some one, "this idea of moral, spiritual and eternal Echo is new to me. Is there not some way of stopping this Echo?" My answer is, "God can and He only." If it is a cheerful Echo we do not want it stopped; if a baleful Echo we would like to have it stopped. The hardest thing in the world to do is to stop an Echo. Many an oration has been spoiled and many an orator confounded by an Echo. Costly churches, cathedrals, theatres and music halls have been ruined by an Echo. Architects have strung wires across auditoriums to arrest the Echo, and hung upholstery against the walls, hoping to entrap it, and hundreds of thousands of dollars have been expended in public buildings of this country to keep the air from answering when it ought to be quiet.

Aristotle and Pythagoras and Isaac Newton and La Place and our own Joseph Henry tried to hunt down the Echo, but still the unexplored realms of acoustics are larger than the explored. When our first Brooklyn Tabernacle was being constructed, we were told by architects that it was of such a shape that the human voice could not be heard in it, or, if heard, it would be jangled into Echoes.

In state of worriment I went to Joseph Henry, the president of Smithsonian Institution at Washington, and told him of this evil prophecy, and he replied: "I have probably experimented more with the laws of sound than any other man, and I have got as far as this, Two buildings may seem to be exactly alike and yet in one the acoustics may be good and in the other bad. Go on with your church building and trust that all will be well." Oh, this mighty law of sound! Oh, this subtle Echo! There is only one being in the universe that thoroughly understands it—"The sounding again of the mountains."

And if it is so hard to destroy a natural Echo, how much harder to stop a moral Echo, a spiritual Echo, an immortal Echo. You know that the Echoes are affected by the surfaces, and the shape of rocks, and the depth of ravines, and the relative position of buildings? And once in heaven God will so arrange the relative position of mansions and temples and thrones that one of the everlasting charms of heaven will be the rolling, bursting, ascending, descending, chanting Echoes. All the songs we ever sang devoutly, all the prayers we have ever uttered earnestly, all the Christian deeds we have ever done will be waiting to spring upon us in Echo.

The scientists tell us that in this world the roar of artillery and the boom of the thunder are so loud, because they are a combination of Echoes—all the hillsides, and the caverns and the walls furnishing a share of the resonance. And never will we understand the full power and music of an Echo until with supernatural faculties able to endure them we hear all the conjoined sounds of heavenly Echoes—harps and trumpets, orchestras and oratorios, hosannahs and hallelujahs, east side of heaven answering to the west side, north side to south side, and all the heights, and all the depths, and all the immensities, and all the eternities joining in Echo upon Echo, Echo in the wake of Echo.

In the future state, whether of rapture or ruin, we will listen for reverberations of earthly things and doings. Voltaire standing amid the shadows will listen, and from the millions whose godlessness and libertinism and debauchery were a consequence of his brilliant blasphemies will come back a weeping, wailing, despairing, agonizing, million-voiced Echo. Paul will, while standing in the light, listen, and from all the circles of the ransomed, and from all the many mansions, whom he helped to people, and from all the thrones he helped to occupants, and from all the gates he helped throng with arrivals, and from all the temples he helped fill with worshipers there shall come back to him a glorious, ever accumulating, transporting and triumphant Echo.

Oh, what will the tyrants and oppressors of the earth do with the Echoes? Those who are responsible for the wars of the world will have come back to them all the groans, the shrieks, the cannonades, the bursting shells, the crackle of burning cities and the death of a nation's homes—Hohenlinden and Salamanca, Wagram and Sedan, Marathon and Thermopylæ, Bunker Hill and Lexington, South Mountains and Gettysburg. Sennacherib listen! Semiramis listen! Marc Antony listen! Artaxerexes listen! Darius listen! Julius Cæsar listen! Alexander and Napoleon listen! But to the rigateous will come back the blissful Echoes.

Composers of Gospel hymns and singers will listen for the return of Antioch and Brattle Street, Ariel and Dundee, Harwell and Woodstock, Mount Pisgah and Coronation, Homeward Bound and Shining Shore, and all the melodies they ever started. Bishop Heber and Charles Wesley and Isaac Watts and Thomas Hastings and Bradbury and Horatius Bonar and Frances Havergal listen!

But you know as well as I do that there are some places where the reverberations seem to meet, and standing there they rush upon you, they rain upon you, all at once they capture your ear. And at the point where all heavenly reverberations meet Christ will stand and listen for the resound of all His sighs and groans and sacrifices and they shall come back in an Echo in which mingle the acclaim of a redeemed world, and the "Jubilate Deo" of a full heaven. Echo saintly, cherubic, archangelic! Echo of thrones! Echo of palaces! Echo of temples! Omnipotent Echo! Everlasting Echo! Amen!

The Drojky.

The one-horse drojky of Russia is meant to hold two persons. Our experience was that it held one and a bit. It is a common and an amusing sight to see some gallant officer deftly encircling the waist of his fair companion in one of these conveyances. "His arm gets in the way so," he explains, "and this is the only means of disposing of it that he can think of." The horses are first-rate, small in size, but able to do a great deal of hard work, and keep their good looks in spite of it. Nearly all of them are stallions, and are bred in Russia. The driver, who is sometimes a mere boy, wears a dark-blue dressing-gown kind of coat, a curiously-shaped hat, and high-topped boots, and makes quite a picturesque object. His dress seems to be a very hot one for summer, but the average driver is too poor to buy cooler clothing. It is astonishing to see what an amount of heat Russians seem capable of bearing. Even on the hot days of August a great many of the officers would wear their thick military cloaks.

There are no fixed fares for the drojky. Every time you hire one a long course of bargaining ensues between you and the driver, until at length the latter consents to take about half what he first asked. Twelve cents will take you a long way, and on one occasion I got a drive for four cents. In the absence of an agreed fare the driver charges what he likes. Once we paid $1 for a drive of a few hundred yards in a two-horsed carriage. —Temple Bar.

The majority of the Scottish Gipsies have spread over a vast tract of country. Here they have gradually become lost to view as a distinctive race. In Europe they are found in the greatest number today in Hungary and Wallachia, where there are 500,000.

The pay of Chinese soldiers during peace is so small that many have to support themselves as day laborers.

The Handy Man.

Mrs. Gabb—Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd—Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of liquors he is carrying?

Mrs. Gabb—No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.

All That is Needed.

In our physical needs we want the best of anything required, and we want all that is required to be done, to be done promptly and surely, and those in pain, especially, will find all that is needed in what is herein recommended. Mr. T. J. Murphy, 61 Debevoise pl. Brooklyn, N. Y., says: "Having been afflicted with sciatic rheumatism for some time past and finding no relief, I tried St. Jacobs Oil which I found very efficacious."—Miss Clara Alcott, Mahwah, N. J., writes: "I bruised my limb, and it became greatly swollen and stiff. I used two bottles of a patent liniment which did not relieve me. A physician was called who ordered the limb to be poulticed, and he gave me medicine internally, without benefit. I then got a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, which cured me. It acted like magic."—Mr. Lorenzo Buck, Bancroft, Shiawassee Co., Mich., says: "I had chronic rheumatism for years, contracted during the war. After sitting or lying down, at times, I could not get up, from stiffness and pains. At work my strength would give out, then I would pass through a sickness of several weeks. I had to walk with a cane and was at one time so ill I could not lie down without terrible pains in back and limbs. I tried St. Jacobs Oil; next morning got up out of bed without assistance. To-day I'm a new man and walk without a cane."—Mr. A. H. Cunningham, Perryopolis, Fayette County, Pa., writes: "My wife was sorely afflicted with lame back for several years. She used innumerable liniments, but experienced little relief until St. Jacobs Oil was used. I can confidently say we owe her cure to its wonderful effects and would not keep house without it."

Present fashions appear to have been created for "fine looking" or "beautiful" women.

Catarrh Can't be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you have to take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is no quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

In Southern Europe 38,000 oranges have been picked from one tree.

Sudden Changes of Weather cause Throat Diseases. There is no more effectual remedy for Coughs, Colds, etc., than BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. *Sold only in boxes.* Price 25 cts.

THE snow-fall in the north of Ireland has been so heavy that traffic has been greatly impeded.

BROWN'S Iron Bitters cures Dyspepsia, Malaria, Biliousness and General Debility. Gives Strength, aids Digestion, tones the nerves, creates appetite. The best tonic for Nursing Mothers, weak women and children.

There are six schools in Ireland where Irish is taught.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

The Braganza diamond, the largest in the world, weighs 1880 carats.

THE GRIP

So many remedies are advertised to cure the Grip that people smile and shake their heads. Now we do not claim Hood's Sarsaparilla to be a cure for this really dangerous complaint. If you have the Grip the best thing you can do is to call a reliable physician. But we do claim that for two conditions in relation to the Grip, Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very valuable medicine.

1st, as a Preventive

Hood's Sarsaparilla so purifies the blood and builds up the strength that the system successfully resists attacks of the Grip. This complaint and other diseases are often preceded by a weakness, that tired feeling, which Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in season will soon overcome, and serious illness be thus prevented.

2d, After the Grip

Convalescence from any form of the Grip is very slow, and to regain the desired strength a good tonic is absolutely necessary. Words are not strong enough to express our confidence in

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a tonic after attacks of the Grip, or after typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria, pneumonia or other prostrating diseases. Many testimonials from people who have taken it, conclusively prove that it possesses just the building-up effect so much needed; it vitalizes and enriches the thin and impoverished blood, and it invigorates the liver and kidneys.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently on the liver and bowels, cures headache.

There is nothing that may not happen to a thin baby.

There is nothing that may not happen to a man who is losing his healthy weight.

We say they are "poor." They are poorer than we at first suspect.

Do you want almost all that is known of the value of plumpness told in a way to commend to you CAREFUL LIVING—and Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil if you need it.

A book on it free.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 132 South 5th Avenue, New York.
Your druggist keeps Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil—all druggists everywhere do. $1.

Ely's Cream Balm
WILL CURE
CATARRH
PRICE 50 CENTS.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y.

FROM THE "PACIFIC JOURNAL."
"A great invention has been made by Dr. Tutt. That eminent chemist has produced

Tutt's Hair Dye

which imitates nature to perfection; it acts instantaneously and is perfectly harmless." Price, $1. Office, 39 & 41 Park Place, N. Y.

The Most Pleasant Way

Of preventing the grippe, colds, headaches, and fevers is to use the liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs, whenever the system needs a gentle, yet effective cleansing. To be benefited one must get the true remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all druggists in 50c. and $1 bottles.

It is said that four-fifths of all the hailstorms occur in the daytime.

T. W. Wood & Sons' New Seed Catalogue for 1892 is pronounced the most instructive and useful work of its kind published. It not only gives full cultural directions and descriptions of all Garden and Farm seeds, but contains much valuable information to enable the Farmer and Gardener to decide which are the best and most profitable to grow. Mailed free on application. (See advertisement in another column.)

A FRESH stream of lava is issuing from the base of the great cone of Mount Vesuvius.

Save Your Meat From Skippers.

Peerless Paper Meat Sacks are guaranteed to do it. Three sizes: 3, 4 and 5 cents apiece. Circulars free. All retailers should sell them. Great Southern Co., Frederick, Md.

The Shah of Persia has a tobacco pipe worth $400,000.

MALARIA cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which enriches the blood, tones the nerves, aids digestion. Acts like a charm on persons in general ill health, giving new energy and strength.

A Birmingham (England) man collected 540,000 pennies during his lifetime.

DR. SWAN'S PASTILES *Cure female weaknesses*; his T-Tablets cure chronic constipation. Samples free. Dr. Swan, Beaver Dam, Wis.

The human heart, in a lifetime of eighty years, beats 300,000,000 times.

BEECHAM'S PILLS cost only 25 cents a box. They are proverbially known throughout the world to be "worth a guinea a box."

There are over 9000 brass bands in the Salvation Army.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 75c per bottle

Berlin, Germany, has 210 miles of streets.

The wrong way, with Catarrh, is to stop it without *curing* it. The poisonous, irritating snuffs, strong caustic solutions, "creams," balms and the like may, perhaps, palliate for a time. But they may drive the disease to the lungs. The wrong way is full of danger.

The right way is a proved one. It's with Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It cures, perfectly and permanently, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, the worst cases of Chronic Catarrh. It has proved itself right, thousands of times, when everything else has failed.

And this makes its proprietors willing to prove that it's the right thing for *you*, no matter how bad your case or of how long standing.

If they can't cure your Catarrh, they'll pay you $500 in cash.

They mean it.

They're certain of their medicine.

FOR THE CHILDREN.

My little girl suffered for three years from a large Abscess on her hip, the result of a fall and dislocation. The Abscess was large, with six openings, all of which discharged puss. I was induced by friends to give her S. S. S., and by the time the fifth bottle was finished the Abscess was entirely healed, and the child was well and happy.—Mrs. L. A. WIEGNER, *Slatington, Pa.*

I had three little girls who were attacked with obstinate ECZEMA or Blood Trouble, which at first resembled heat, but soon grew to yellow blisters, some of them quite large. One of the children died from the effects of it, but we got Swift's Specific and gave to the other two, and they soon got well. S. S. S. forced out the poison promptly. The cure was wonderful.—J. D. RAINS, *Marthaville, La.*

S. S. S. has no equal for Children. It relieves the system promptly, and assists nature in developing the child's health. Our Treatise mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC COMPANY, ATLANTA, GA.

"German Syrup"

Asthma.

"I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs, that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine,

Gentle, Refreshing Sleep.

Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by druggists or sent by mail.
50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

AGENTS make 100 PER CENT and win $749 CASH Prizes on our Corsets, Belts, Pocket and Medicines. Sample free. Territory. Dr. Bridgman, 213 B'way, N.Y.

HOME STUDY, BOOK-KEEPING, *Business Forms, Penmanship, Arithmetic, Short-hand, etc.*, THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY MAIL. Circulars free. Bryant's College, 457 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

THE HAYES DOUBLE CYLINDER FORCE PUMPS. Guaranteed to be the best on earth. Sent on 30 days' trial. Write for circulars to HAYES PUMP & PLANTER CO., Galva, Ill.

OPIUM Morphine Habit Cured in 10 to 20 days. No pay till cured. DR. J. STEPHENS, Lebanon, Ohio.

HIGH FIVE OR EUCHRE PARTIES should send at once to JOHN SEBASTIAN, G. T. A. C., R. I. & P. R. R., Chicago. TEN CENTS, in stamps, per pack for the slickest cards you ever shuffled. For $1.00 you will receive free by express ten packs.

SUCCESS IS ASSURED
BY SOWING THE
BEST SEEDS.

The fact that we sell more
CLOVER, GRASS,
and FIELD SEEDS than any house in the Southern States, is most convincing proof of our high grade Seeds and reasonable prices. Our
GARDEN SEEDS
are unsurpassed in quality, purity, and germinating powers. We DELIVER POSTPAID anywhere all Seeds at ounce and packet rates, and give 25 cts. worth extra packet Seeds for each $1.00 worth ordered. We also have special low rates on Seeds in bulk.
OUR INSTRUCTIVE CATALOGUE, giving full information and directions for cultivating all Farm and Garden Crops, mailed *free*. Send for it. Address
T. W. WOOD & SONS
Seedsmen, RICHMOND, VA.

THE RIPANS TABULES regulate the stomach, liver and bowels, purify the blood, are pleasant to take, safe and always effectual. A reliable remedy for Biliousness, Blotches on the Face, Bright's Disease, Catarrh, Colic, Constipation, Chronic Diarrhœa, Chronic Liver Trouble, Diabetes, Disordered Stomach, Dizziness, Dysentery, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Flatulence, Female Complaints, Foul Breath, Headache, Heartburn, Hives, Jaundice, Kidney Complaints, Liver Troubles, Loss of Appetite, Mental Depression, Nausea, Nettle Rash, Painful Digestion, Pimples, Rush of Blood to the Head, Sallow Complexion, Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Sick Headache, Sores, Sour Stomach, Tired Feeling, Torpid Liver, Ulcers, Unnatural Discharges, Water Brash and every other symptom or disease that results from impure blood or a failure in the proper performance of their functions by the stomach, liver and intestines. Persons given to over-eating are benefited by taking one tabule after each meal. A continued use of the Ripans Tabules is the surest cure for obstinate constipation. They contain nothing that can be injurious to the most delicate. 1 gross $1. 1/2 gross $1.25, 1/4 gross 75c. 1/24 gross 15 cents. Sent by mail postage paid. Address THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, P. O. Box 672, New York.

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH
DO NOT BE DECEIVED with Pastes, Enamels, and Paints which stain the hands, injure the iron, and burn off.
The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, Durable, and the consumer pays for no tin or glass package with every purchase.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON, the most noted physician of England, says that more than half of all diseases come from errors in diet.
Send for Free Sample of Garfield Tea to 319 West 45th Street, New York City.
GARFIELD TEA Overcomes results of bad eating; cures Sick Headache; restores Complexion; cures Constipation.

AUTOMATIC LACE HOOK
IF
You don't want comfort. If you don't wish to look well dressed. If you don't want the best, then you don't want the Lace Back Suspender. Your dealer has it if he is alive. If he isn't he shouldn't be your dealer. We will mail a pair on receipt of $1.00. None genuine without the stamp as above.
Lace Back Suspender Co., 87 Prince Street, N. Y.
M

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP. For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. Result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or by mail, 25c. Sample Cake and 128 p. book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illust'd, on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood disease and their treatment, sent sealed for 10c.; also DISFIGUREMENTS like BIRTH MARKS, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed. JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42d Street, N. Y. City. Consultation free, at office or by letter. Agents wanted in each place.

AGENTS & TRAVELING MEN WANTED to SELL the WORLD'S CHAMPION, the Greatest Hand Corn Sheller on Earth. The only Sheller that will nub corn and separate the cob. Shells 10 bushels per hour. Price $5.50. Nickel Plated, Warranted. The Improved is just out, and is the fastest machine made. $380 per month for agents. Address J. E. Painter, Inventor, Nashville, Tenn.

JONES' SCALES
— THE BEST —
FULLY WARRANTED
5 TON SCALES $60 FREIGHT PAID
Address JONES of BINGHAMTON, N.Y.

BNU 4

PATENTS Etc. quickly obtained. No Atty's fee unless allowed. Book and advice as to patentability free. COLLAMER & Co., 515 F St., Washington, D. C.

GET WELL Health Helper tells how. 50c. a year. Send for sample. Dr. J. H. DYE, Editor, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

TERMS.—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms, $2.00 per year.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—25 cents per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Other rates made made known on application.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS. JAN. 28.

Men Who Hurt a Town.

All who oppose improvements.

Who never push their business.

All who distrust public-spirited men.

Those who run down the town to strangers.

Those who show no hospitality to its visitors.

Men who envy their neighbors their prosperity.

Men who oppose everthing that does not originate with them.

Who wear long faces when strangers speak of locating in the town.

We refuse to substribe towards the building schools and churches.

Who think all systems of theology except their own are erroneous.

Who find fault with all enterprises with which they are not connected.

Men who never subscribe for, advertise in or in any way patronize their paper and are always ready to find fault with everthing it contains.

The Best Advertising Medium.

M. M. Gillam, advertising manager for John Wanamaker, who has made advertising a life study, says:

"For a general business I believe there is but one perfect satisfactory advertising medium—the newspaper. No matter what the nature of the community is, if a paper has a chance at the pole, it sorts them out as certainly as if they had been put through a mental sieve. The progressive, enterprising, life-enjoying citizen, where-ever he is, is always hungry in the head—he wants a paper; he'll get one if he can. The pinch-penny, slow-going, yesterday man, the too poor or the too mean to buy, are never in the newspaper procession. Put an advertisement before the readers of a paper, and you take the cream of any population. You so straight home to the people who can buy and are ready to buy."

Keep Your Head Clean.

Keeping the head perfectly clean is a great aid to health. A distinguished physician who has spent much of his time at quarantine said that a person whose head was thoroughly washed every day rarely ever took contagious diseases, but when the hair was allowed to become dirty and matted it was hardly possible to escape infection. Many persons find speedy relief for nervous headache by washing the head thoroughly in weak soda water. We have known cases almost wholly cured in 10 minutes by this simple remedy. A friend finds it the greatest relief in case of "rose cold," the cold symptoms entirely leaving the eyes after the first washing of the hair. The head should be thoroughly dried afterwards, and drafts of air should be avoided for a little while.

An Aged Man's Death.

Mr. Wesley Lambert, another of Bellefonte's aged citizens on Saturday in his 93rd years. He was a plasterer by trade, and in 1856 took the contract of plastering the exterior of the court house in Bellefonte, making an excellent job of it. As he advanced in years he turned his attention to gardening, and became well-known as the first man to raise early plants and vegetables in this country.

About three years ago he became lame from an ingrowing toe nail which finally turned into gangrene. He was compelled to have the leg amputated to avoid death.

A Coasting Accident.

A party of coasters Thursday night at Bellefonte at the foot of the hill near the Bush House, crashed into a hotel omnibus, and one of the party, Miss Mollie Gill, had her thigh broken in the collision. The sled was shattered to pieces and the merrymakers about ten in number, were all considerably bruised, though Miss Gill was the only one sustaining serious injury.

Clarfield Miners Demand Higher Wages.

The miners in the Clearfield coal region have made a demand for an advance in wages for mining what is known as "Low" coal. The operators say the demand will be refused and the mines closed. Every operator in the region is interested directly or indirectly and a bitter fights is expected.

ITEMS OF LOCAL INTEREST.

——Read ad. of girl wanted in another column.

——Pay train went over the road last Friday with officials aboard.

——Save 20 per cent. buying Boots and shoes at—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——The REPORTER at $1.50 is the cheapest paper in the county. Subscribe and get in the swim.

——When you want a shoe that will give you satisfaction both in price and quality, go to Mingle's shoe store, Bellefonte. He guarantees all goods sold and you get a genuine article.

COBURN.

Happenings in the Future Metropolis of Penns Valley.

E. H. Auman hied away to Sunbury, Pa., on Wednesday morning, in search of employment.

James A. Cooney was suddenly taken sick on Friday evening but at this writing is fast recovering.

R. F. Vonada has secured the agency for Chase Bros. and Company's Nursery stock. No doubt he will make a good canvasser.

'Squire Garthoff had a quiet wedding on last Saturday a week ago. The contracting parties being Samuel D. Lingle and Mary J. Lingle, both of Poe Mills, Pa.

The Teachers' Local Institute at Millheim, was not very well attended by the teachers of the district, on Saturday last, due largely to the prevalence of the grip.

Our young and energetic grain merchant John Hoffa, tired of single cussedness has taken unto himself a helpmeet. He left about a week ago and on Monday evening returned accompanied by his wife. Our congratulations. Mr. and Mrs. Hoffa intend locating here permanently in the near future.

W. F. Hassinger, who for the last eight years resided in several of the far Western States, including Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado and lately Utah Territory, spent a night in this place with friends. He relates some very thrilling experiences which he had during his travels.

"Truly in the midst of life we are in death." This has been very clearly demonstrated by the sad and untimely death of Clayton H. Kerstetter, son of Emanuel Kerstetter, of this place, which occurred on Thursday evening, January 21st, 1892, at the youthful age of twenty-two years, seven months and nine days. The funeral took place on Sunday the 24th inst., at Millheim. About two weeks before his death he was attacked with the grip which terminated in typhoid pneumonia, with the above result. This young man was greatly beloved by all his acquaintances, and his sad demise is greatly lamented by his family and all his friends. He was an exemplary young man; not being addicted to any of those vices which are the ruin of so many of our young men of this present age. The bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community in this their sad bereavement.

WALNUT GROVE.

Another disappointment—the sleighing gone.

J. From, J. Wert and C. Durst took in part of court this week.

A sled load of people from the Branch spent last Wednesday night in our neighborhood.

Mr. James Reish and Miss Ida Carson, both of Centre Hall, spent Sunday with Jacob Meyer's family.

The whooping cough is making its rounds through here, some children becoming quite sick with it.

Miss Mollie McClintick of Wolf's Store accompanied by her best friend, visited her parents several days not long since.

The people of this place are pleased to hear that a convention is to be held at Linden Hall some time during next month, to be conducted by Prof. Crawford, of Tusseyville.

Mrs. Maria Slabig who has been ill the greater part of the winter is now improving somewhat. She has had a very tedious time of it since her sickness.

Mr. James Kimport who has been confined to his bed for several weeks with a severe attack of grip is now slowly recovering. Mr. David Bohn who has also been very sick with same disease is still not able to be out of the house.

Asleep for Thirteen Months.

At the Retreat poor house, near Wilkesbarre, is a Polander named John Mica, who has been sleeping for thirteen months and shows no signs of waking up. He was taken there from Wilkesbarre city hospital about fourteen months ago. The sleeper opens his eyes occasionally to take a little nourishment, but immediately draws his head under the covers and falls into a comatose condition. The case has not been explained.

Good Looks.

Good looks are more than skin deep depending upon a healthy condition of all vital organs. If the Liver be inactive, you have a Bilious Look, if your stomach be disordered you have a Dyspetic Look and if your Kidneys be affected you have a Pinched Look. Secure good health and you will have good looks. Electric Bitters is the great alterative and Tonic acts directly on these vital organs. Cures Pimples, Blotches, Boils and gives a good complexion. Sold at J. D. Murray's Drug-store, 50c. per bottle.

"LA GRIPPE."

Persons suffering from "La Grippe" are speedily and permanetly cured by Humphreys' Nos. One and Seven. Number One allays the fever, pain and inflammation, while No. Seven cures the Cough, Hoarseness and Sore Throat.

——The reason we lead the shoe trade is because we best satisfy the people for a genuine bargain.—Mingle, Bellefonte.

SPRING MILLS.

It is reported that the jury granted the new road.

Charles Gramley will move to Illinois in a few weeks; his sale will be on Friday, January 29th.

Edwin Nearhood, who is clerking for D. E. Bible, is going to move to Rebersburg February 1st,

C. P. Long was at Lamar last Sunday, with his mother-in-law, Mrs. Archie Allison, jr., who is suffering from pneumonia.

Our efficient miller William J. Finkle, is going to take charge of the mill of Major J. B. Fisher, at Farmers Mills, about March 15th.

William P. Alexander's family is still in a critical condition; his wife is very low with typhoid pneumonia and he is just recovering from diphtheria.

Verna, daughter of Mr. A. E. Miller, was buried last Sunday at the Union cemetery. Mr. Miller is the oldest son of Charles Miller, of this place, and is living in Lock Haven.

Mr. William Luse, of Farmers Mills, died Tuesday evening, while his youngest daughter died in the morning of the same day. This is the third death in his family from diphtheria, and the remaining members of the family are similarly afflicted. Mr. Luse was a man highly respected for his integrity and genial qualities, and was a popular member of the township school board, which will lose a faithful member, as well as the community a good and useful citizen.

Honorable Mortimer Whitehead addressed quite a crowd of farmers on Monday evening. He is a good speaker—non-partisan, and believes the Grangers powerful enough to control both the old parties. He defined the Granger's idea on the tariff question as "equality before the law," which he said meant protective duties on farm products as long as such duties existed on other manufactured articles, and free trade on farm products whenever the tax was taken off of manufactured articles

To The Ladies of Centre County.

Ladies who are interested in the art of dress cutting should call at Mrs. G. S. Clements, agent and teacher at Centre Hall, for Newton's French and Tailor System of dress cutting, and receive thorough instructions without the use of patterns; also teach economy in drafting seams. This chart when understood by the seamstress, will enable her with the measurement and chart to cut any garment in ladies' and children's wear, to fit without basting it up and trying the garment-on. I will also do all kinds of sewing in ladies' wear, dresses and coats and children's wear.

17dec3m Mrs. G. S. CLEMENTS.

Guaranteed Cure for La Grippe.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell you Dr. Kng's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds upon this condition. If you are afflicted with La Grippe and will use this remedy according to directions, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We make this offer, because of the wonderful success of Dr. King's New Discovery during last season's epidemic. Have heard of no case in which it failed. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. D. Murray's Drug Store. Large size 50c. and $1.00.

Musical College.

The Spring Session opens Monday, May 1st, for Young Ladies in Vocal and Instrumental Music.—Address for circular, H. B. MOYER,
Freeburgh, Pa.

——Sell your pork and beef to C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——Powers, Bellefonte, handles all grades of heavy winter boots and shoes and as for prices, no cheaper can be purchased anywhere else. A trial is asked.

Simple Questions Simply Answered.

Why do people very often allow a cold to run on? Because they think it will wear away. Why does the Cough that at first caused no alarm become deep seated and chronic? Because the proper remedy was not used. The way to break up any Cough or Cold, no matter if other medicines failed to benefit you, is to try Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs Colds and Consumption. 25 and 50 cents at J. D. Murray's Drug Store.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Warned In Time.

People will have themselves largely to blame if the horrid grip secures a foothold here this winter. The Board of Health sounded a note of warning a few days ago. Physicians all agree that with proper precautions the disease may be prevented. Aged and enfeebled persons, in fact any one whose system is run down, require a healthful stimulant just now. The medical faculty are a unit upon this point. Klein's "Silver Age" and "Duquesne" rye whiskies which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1 25 per full quart are the purest and best stimulants known. The most skilled practitioners in the country indorse and prescribe these brands and leading hospitals use them exclusively. Major Klein also sells Guckenheimer, Finch, Gibson, Overholt and Bear Creek at $1 per quart or six quarts for $5. His establishment is headquarters for everything in the liquor line: Goods expressed everywhere. Send for Catalogue, mentioning this paper, to

MAX KLEIN,
82 Federal St.
Allegheny City, Pa.

WANTED.—A GOOD GIRL TO DO GENeral housework. Steady place. Wages $2 00 and more if deserving. Apply to
E WARING,
Tyrone, Pa.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian Missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES,
820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.
26marly

PUBLIC SALE.—WILL BE OFFERED AT public sale at the residence of M. F. Rossman, one and one-half miles west of Tusseyville, on Tuesday, February 2nd, 1892, the following personal property: 1 Cow, 2 Heifers, one two years old, and the other one year old, 25 Ewes, 28 Berkshire and Chester white Shoats, 1 Chester white brood sow with 8 pigs.

Sale to begin at 1 o'clock, when terms will be made known. W. A. WAGNER.
Wm. Goheen, Auctioner.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of John B. Lee, dec'd., of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE L. LEE,
Madisonburg.
JAMES W. LEE
Centre Hall
28jan6t Administrators.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—IN THE ORPHAN'S Court of Centre county: In the matter of the estate of William Bloom, late of Ferguson township, deceased. The undersigned an auditor appointed by said Court, "to hear the evidence state an account, ascertain the amount upon which Sallie Bloom, widow, is entitled to receive dower annually, ascertain the amount overpaid, if any, and make report of his findings in said estate hereby given notice that he will meet all parties in interest for the purposes of his appointment at his office in Bellefonte, on Wednesday, the 3rd day of February, A. D., at 10 o'clock, a. m. where and when all parties in interest can attend if they see proper.

C. P. HEWES.
Jan143t Auditor.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS THE Hon A. O. Furst, President Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial district, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads and the Hon. Thos. F. Riley, associate Judges in Centre, having issued their precept bearing date the 28th day of December, 1891, to me directed for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and general Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre and commence on the 4th Monday of January, the 25th day of January, 1892, and to continue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in the proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of said day, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own personal remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertains to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 28th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1891 and the one hundred and fourteenth year of the Independence of the United States.

WILLIAM A. ISHLER,
Sheriff.

CAUTION.—HAVING PURCHASED AT CONstable's sale, the following, the property of J. C. Collanbine: 3 horses, 1 cow, 2 calves, 4 set harness, 3 bridles, 2 wagons, cultivator hay rake set ladders, lot of oats, bob sled, mower and binder, plow, sow and 8 pigs, 4 shoats, all persons are cautioned against meddling with same as I leave same in his possession at my pleasure.

1-3t GEORGE S. CLEMENT.

ESTRAY.—THE UNDERSIGNED HAD A Chesterwhite brood sow stray away on Dec. 9th, 1891, and he desires information concerning her whereabouts. Any person notifying of same that will lead to her recovery will be rewarded for their trouble.

JACOB SHAFFER,
Jan73t Centre Hall.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS of Administration upon the estate of Catharine Royer, dec'd., of Potter township, having been lawfully granted to the undersigned, he would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

T. F. ROYER, Adm'r.
7jan6t Centre Hill.

HOMESTEAD FOR SALE OR RENT.—THE undersigned offers a desirable homestead for sale, consisting of 35 acres of land of which 25 acres are good young timber. Thereon a plank frame house, bank barn, with other outbuildings, choice fruit and excellent water, adjoins the Heckman farm west of Centre Hall, on the old Lewistown road leading to the pike. Apply or address, W. H. Horner,
Centre Hall, Pa.

ANNUAL STATEMENT OF THE FARMers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company.

Office of the Farmers' Mutual Fire Insurance Co. of Centre County, Pa.

CENTRE HALL, PA., Jan. 11, 1892.—In compliance with the provisions of their charter, the Thirty-Fourth Annual Statement of the transactions of the company is hereby presented.

ASSETS.

Bills receivable being premium notes due and payable by members for insurance the past year		$ 14 695 67
Cash premiums		782 71
Cash in treasury		167 72
Making the total available assets the past year		15 646 10

EXPENSES.

Compensation to directors	$ 135 12	
Salary of Secretary	125 00	
Salary of Treasurer	50 00	
Office rent, printing, postage and stationary	70 59	
Election board	3 00	
J C Boal, collection fee	55	
L D Kurtz, rebate	5 97	
State Ins. Report	5 00	
Frankenbarger on barn	450 00	
" int. same	19 78	
Interest, money borrow'd	8 66	
Orvis, Bower & Orvis	25 00	
J C Small, small fire	2 00	
Total assets and funds of the company the past year less expenses		14 736 43
To which add notes of 1887, '88, '89 and '90		84 928 65
Amounting to		99 665 08
Minus cancellations		2 894 84
Leaving the available assets in force this day		96 770 24
Insurances taken the past year	178 880 00	
Add 1887, '88, '89, and '90	998 797 05	1 177 677 05
Minus cancellations		22 762 67
Making risks and insurances this day		1 154 914 38

LIABILITIES;

F L Weaver	54 56	
C W Hosterman	84 00	
J A Slack	87 60	
W F Reynolds	170 00	
Phoebe Grenoble	43 00	
G R Meis	39 09	
B F Frankenbarger	60 00	
Total am't of liabilities		488 25
Amount outstanding		728 87

At a meeting held the same day the following Directors were chosen for the ensuing year: J. B. Fisher, Jacob Bottorf, Fred Kurtz, Samuel G. Slack, S. J. Herring, Daniel Brumgart, Samuel Gramley, Wm. McFarlane, H. C. Campbell, J. G. Bailey, H. E. Duck and J. H. Musser.

The board thereupon organized by electing the following officers:

President, Fred. Kurtz.
Vice President, S. J. Herring.
Treasurer, Wm. Wolf.
Secretary, D. F. Luse.

FRED KURTZ,
Attest: President
D. F. Luse, Sec'y.

SHERIFF SALES.—BY VIRTUE OF SUNdry writs of Fieri Facias, Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County, to me directed, will be exposed to public sale, at the Court House in Bellefonte, Pa., on

FRIDAY, JANUARY 29, 1892,

at 1.30 o'clock, P. M., the following property to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement or lot or piece of ground situate in Bellefonte Borough, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on Linn street 15 feet east of the lot of M. W. Cowdrie, thence along Linn street East 65 feet to lot of late Charles F. Cook, thence along said lot North 200 feet to an alley, thence West along said alley 65 feet to a point 15 feet East of the line of said M. W. Cowdrick's lot, thence 200 feet by a line parallel with the line of M. W. Cowdrick to the place of beginning.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. C. Harper and Laura G. Harper.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement and lot or piece of ground situate in the Borough of Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: On the East by spring street, on the North by Curtin street, on the South by Charles F. Cook, and on the West by an alley, said lot being situate on the South-west corner of Spring and Curtin street fronting on Spring street 50 feet and extending back along Curtin street 200 feet to an alley, being the same premises which E. W. Hale by deed dated June 30 188[illegible], recorded in book W. No. 2 page 172. Thereon a Stone dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Charles McCafferty and Catharine McCafferty.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement or lot of ground situate in Spring township, county of Centre, and state of Penna., bounded and described as follows to wit: Beginning on the South side of Water street in Bush's addition where line of lot No. 103 intersects the same, thence West along said street 50 feet to lot No. 105, thence along line of said lot South 150 feet to an alley, thence East along said alley 50 feet to line of lot No. 103, thence North along line of said lot 150 feet to place of beginning. Thereon erected a two-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. W. Tate.

ALSO

All that certain messuage tenement or lot of ground situate in the Borough of Philipsburg, county of Centre, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a point on North Front street at corner of lot of Jeffry Hays, thence by Front street 33 feet to lot of Wm. Parker, thence along said lo of Wm. Parker 240 feet to North second street, thence along said North Second street 33 feet to line of lot of Jeffry Hays, thence along said lot 240 feet to the place of beginning, being one-half of lot known and designated as No. 51 in the general plan of said borough. Thereon erected a large 3-story brick house, used as a store-room and dwelling house.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Henry Lehman.

ALSO

All defendants right, title and interest in and to a certain tract of land situated in Howard township, Centre county, Penna., bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a dogwood, thence by land surveyed to Wm. Ramsey, South 47° East 135 perches to a corner, thence South 47° West 81 perches to a post; thence South 40° East 28 perches to a corner; thence by land formerly of Joseph Miles in right of Stephen Regent South 60° West 186 perches to a post by marked chestnut; thence North 40° west 30 perches to a post; thence by land of Curtin heirs North 50° East 176 perches to a corner; thence North 40° West 76 perches to a white oak; North 47° East 66 perches to the place of beginning, containing 127 acres and 68 perches more or less.

Seized, taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Jacob R. Leathers.

TERMS.—No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid or arranged for in full.

W. A. ISHLER,
Sheriff's Office, Jan. 4, 1892. Sheriff.

Centre Hall - Mills -

All grades of Roller flour constantly on hand, at wholesale to dealers and at retail.

All grades of Chop.

Granulated Corn Meal of the finest grades.

Bran, fine and coarse.

Coal, always on hand, Hard, Soft and Woodland all sizes.

All kinds of grain wanted and cash paid for same at highest market prices.

Terms, for Flour, Feed and Coal, strictly cash.

KURTZ & SON.

THE

Philadelphia Press,

Daily, Sunday, Weekly.

A FAMILY PAPER

Which Is

Clean, Unsensational and just the paper

FOR THE

AMERICAN HOME.

The Press has the best possible organization to secure news from the most important sources, and with nearly 400 correspondents in Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Delaware, the State and near-at-home news is covered with a routine carefulness and attention to detail not even attempted by any other paper.

The Press has also the best of correspondents in all the great cities of the United States, as well as financial and railroad experts in Chicago and the West who keep the paper more than abreast with events.

The columns of the Sunday Press are enriched by contributions from those whose names are written high in our lists of great authors, novelists essayists, as well as from men of high rank in public life. The best authors know that their best audience are the readers of the Daily, Sunday, and Weekly Press

In politics The Press knows no other master than the people and the past year has seen as has been seen before, the market fact that it is subservient to no political boss. It has no political ambitions to foster, but looks after the interests of its readers, and delivers itself upon the issues of the day in a manner both frank and fearless, letting the facts speak for themselves and evading no issues but meeting them all on the basis of fair play to all men at all times. Its pages know no distinctions and the rights of one class over another are neither recognized nor supported.

Advertisements of Help Wanted, Business Opportunities, Real Estate, etc., may be inserted in The Press for One Cent a Word.

TERMS OF THE PRESS.

By mail, postage free in the United States and Canada.

Daily (except Sunday), one year	$6 00
" " " one month	50
" (including Sunday), one year	7 50
" " one month	65
Sunday, one year	2 00
WEEKLY PRESS, one year	1 00

Drafts, Checks and other Remittances should be made payable to the order of

THE PRESS CO., Limited,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SEND

Postal Card

FOR SAMPLE COPY OF THE

PITTSBURG WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH

$1.00 PER YEAR.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED.

IT CONTAINS THE

LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD

PRESIDENTIAL YEAR.

The year 1892 beldg Presidential year, the interest in political affairs will be general. The Chronicle Telegraph's facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are unexcelled in America, and special care will be taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Embrace, in addition to the very latest news, departments for Ladies, for the Home, Farm and Garden, Industrial, Mining and Manufacturing, and alone are worth the subscription price—ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

Address,

WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
Pittsburg, Pa.

THE SUN

Has Secured During 1892:

W. D. Howells,	H Rider Haggard,
George Meredith,	Norman Lockyer,
Andrew Lang,	Conan Doyle,
St George Mivart,	Mark Twain,
Rudyard Kipling,	J. Chandler Harris,
R. Louis Stevenson,	William Black,
W. Clark Russell,	Mary E. Wilkins,
	Frances Hodgson Burnett,

And many other distinguished Writers.

THE SUNDAY SUN,

Is the greatest Sunday Newspaper in the World.

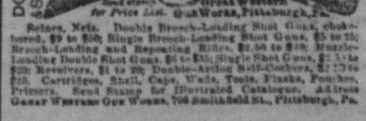
Price 5c. a copy. By mail $2 a year
Address, THE SUN, New York.

PENSIONS

THE DISABILITY BILL IS A LAW.

Soldiers Disabled Since the War are Entitled

Dependent widows and parents now dependent whose sons died from effects of army service are included. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully prosecuted address **James Tanner,**
Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D.C.



Send stamp for Price List. Gun Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Selars, Nels. Double Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke-bored, $9 to $50; Single Breech-Loading Shot Guns, $5 to $25; Breech-Loading and Repeating Rifles, $2.50 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $6 to $30; Single Shot Guns, $2.50 to $20; Revolvers, $1 to $20; Double-Action Self-Cockers, $2.75 to $10. Cartridges, Shell, Caps, Wads, Tools, Flasks, Pouches, Primers. Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 706 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of David Hennigh, dec'd., late of Potter township, having been granted to the undersigned, they would respectfully request all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

ADAM BARTGES,
Millheim, Pa.
S. P. HENNIGH,
Potters Mills.
24dec6t Executors.

Local Institute at Millheim.

The teachers of Miles, Gregg, Penn and Haines township and Millheim Borough held a Local Institute at the public school building in Millheim commencing Friday evening Jan 22d at 7.30 p. m.

Institute organized by electing Prof. Gramley President pro tem and opened by singing "come unto me."

The musical part of the program was conducted by Mrs. Stowe as organist, assisted by Mr. Bumiller, Dr. Harter, Mrs. Dr. Harter, Wm. Hartman and Stella Zerby, constituting an excellent choir. Their music was rendered in a very pleasing manner.

Next in order was the election of officers. The former officials were re-elected, with exception of Sect. who was not present.

Mr. Samuel Wolf was elected to fill his place, and filled it to th satisfaction of all concerned.

Next, Song, Dip boys; dip the oar.

Next Essay how to teach reading in our public schools by Miss Maud Musser. Miss Musser advocated the word method.

This opened the door for discussion. Prof. Neff expressed himself in favor of combining the Alphabet Phonetic and word method as now taught in many schools and gave good reasons for his faith in that system.

He was followed by Prof's Gramley and Krise who each made a few remarks on the subject.

Next singing, My Mountain Home by choir and teachers.

Next Prof. Gramley read the paper on school discipline, stating that sysem, industry, energy, will power, self control and culture are the powers and aids to be invoked by teachers to assist them in mastering this difficult problem, adding, eternal vigilance is only safeguard.

Adjourned to meet at 9.45 Saturday morning.

Saturday morning. The teachers were on time, and opened by singing, He Leadeth Me.

Followed by prayer offered by Rev. Finkbinder, and singing, Work for the Night is Coming.

Minutes of last evening session, read and approved.

The school dicipline question resumed and discussed by Mr. Alexander, ex Representative of this district. Prof's Auman, Keen, Ditwiler, Duck Krise and Rev. Finkbinder, each expressing his views and as a rule endorsing Prof. Gramley's opinon or plan.

At this point Mr. Alexander recommended the use of the hickory and birch occasionally, as circumstances might require. His opinion was that discipline must be enforced, by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary, good discipline must be had at all hazards.

The aspirations of youth was the next subject presented in an admirable essay by Miss Blanche Duck.

Next singing My County 'Tis of Thee.

Next the subject of music in the school room and making it a branch of study and requiring all teachers to teach it, was introduced by Auman of Rebersburg. A lively discussion followed his address, which involved Messes Krise, Gramley, Ditwiler, Alexander and Harter, each taking sides pro or con.

Next Prof. Rogers offered a paper comparing the schools of Pennsylvania with those of Kansas. The subject was further discussed by Messers Krise Gramley and Bitner, who at the request of the chairman read a paper entitled, what should be done with the additional, State appropriation? He proposed that the teacher's salaries should be increased sufficiently to absorb the amount of the appropriation or a part might be thus used, and the school term be lengthened sufficiently to use the balance.

Adjourned to 1 o'clock p. m.

P. M. EXERCISES.

Opened by singing Help it On, to the tune of old Dickinson. Next, question box was opend, and the discussion of what shall be done with the appropriation was resumed. Mr. Alexander advised it be used in painting and ornamenting the school buildings, repairing fences and play grounds.

Prof. Neff explained what the object of the appropriation was. Prof Krise suggested that it be divided into three parts, and third for teachers, one third for directors and balance for buildings.

His proposition seemed to strike the popular chord with all parties concerned.

Prof's Gramley, Boyer and Neff each made a few remarks and the subject dropped. Singing Ring the Bells.

Prof. Krise read a paper on analytical arithmetic, which showed much thought on the subject, and care in the preparation of the paper. Singing Sacred Rest, the choir or quartette (which is the proper name) excelled even themselves on this beautiful hymn. Their rendition of it was superb.

Grammer was the next subject considered, and was discussed by Messrs. Krise, Gettig, Alexander, Neff, Bitner and Gramley.

The quartette song "I heard the voice of Jesus."

The Teacher's Reward was the subject of a paper by Mr. Lambert, and it was designed to cheer and encourage the teachers in their life work.

Spelling matches were then discussed, several teachers taking part in the discussion. The remarks would indicate that a majority of the teachers do not approve of old fashioned spelling matches.

Resolutions were now in order, and the following were passed.

That we tender our thanks to the citizens of Millheim for the kind and hospitable entertainment extended to us. And also to the Quartette for their excellent music, we have so much enjoyed. Also to all citizens and friends who have cheered us with their presence during the sessions of our institute.

That while we endorse the holding of local institutes, we deprecate the absence of so many of our fellow teachers at this and hope their zeal may be increased sufficiently to cause them to attend at future sessions.

That we regret the unvoidable absence of our worthy county Superintendent and our respected Ex Co. Supt. D. M. Wolf, D. D. Adjournment.

PROVED TO BE A HOLOCAUST.

Pitiful Scenes at the Burning of the Indiana Surgical Institute.

The fire in the Indiana Surgical Institute last Thursday night was attended by terrible loss of life. At first it was thought that all had escaped death, but this belief has been dispelled. After the flames had been brought under control the firemen began a search of the ruins and by 9.30 o'clock Friday morning nineteen bodies had been recovered. Most of the victims were helpless crippled children.

The fire was discovered shortly before midnight in the old annex, separated by a narrow space from the main building. Two hundred and forty-six patients and thirty nurses, sleeping in the two four-story buildings at the corner of Illionis George streets, in which the institute is located, were in imminent danger of their lives. Their rescue, the fight with the flames and the final discovery of the charred remains of the poor children, wrapped in each other's withered arms, make a story rarely paralleled in the annals of of modern cities.

By the time the department arrived the scene was one to appall stout hearts. Poor helpless cripples were hanging on fire escapes and in every window. The heart-rending cries of those shut in the burning building mingled with the shouts of the firemen and police. Heroic deeds of rescue were performed and for two hours the delusion was entertained that all the inmates had been saved.

In the Georgia street annex, third floor, the fire raged furiously all this while, and there was a sickening suspicion on the part of those first on the scene that in that raging furnace were caged some of the patients who were cut off by the flames before help could reach them. Soon after 2 o'clock this suspicion became a certainty, the fire having been nearly subdued, and the police and firemen made their way into the building.

In one room a mass of roasted humanity lay entwined. When their bodies were disengaged it was found that there were seven persons in that mass alone. From that hour on up to 9 o'clock other bodies were found, nearly all in the Georgia street annex. The list of the dead was further swollen by four who died from injuries received in leaping from the windows.

Citizens had turned out to help in the work of rescue. Cots were hurriedly constructedfrom mattresses, and strong armed policemen picked up the injured and the rescued and carried them across the street to the new annex. At Weddel's restaurant where seventy or eighty of the patients were carried, the scene almost defied description. Stretched upon the improvised beds spread on the tables, were little children moaning and coughing, their faces blanched with fear, their throats rasped with the pungent smoke they had inhaled.

A Tribute.

Whereas, In the Providence of God, our friend Cora C. Luse has been called from labor to enter that rest not made with hands: and

Whereas we miss her pleasant smiles and kindly greeting; while we mourn a loss in her death, therefore

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family, and commend them for consolation to that Divine Master who doeth all things well, feeling sure that to them, as to us, there is a comfort in the knowledge that the departed one has left for a brighter and a happier home.

Resolved, That in the death of our friend the Sabbath school is bereft of a consistent and earnest worker, the church of a true member, and the community of one whose kindly greetings will be cherished in long remembrance.

Resolved, That while we hesitate to approach the sacredness of such grief, we extend our sympathy to all her associates and friends.

Dear friend thou hast left us,
And thy loss we deeply feel;
But 'tis God who has bereft us,
He can all our sorrows heal

Soon again we hope to meet thee,
When life's sorrows all are fled,
And in Heaven once more to greet thee,
Where no farewell tears are shed.

CARRIE TIBBENS.
CHESTIE TIBBENS.
IDA TIBBENS.

—C. P. Long, Spring Mills, will save you 25 per cent. on Horse, Carriage and Bed blankets.

We Can't do it

...s willing to pay for learning how to ...a good an article as WOLFF'S ACME ...KING of **cheap** material so that a ...ailer can profitably sell it at 10c.

Our price is 20c.

The retailer says the public will not pay it. We say the public will, because they will always pay a fair price for a good article. To show both the trade and the public that we want to give them the best for the least money, we will pay

$10,000.00 Reward

For above information; this offer is open until January 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

Pik-Ron is the name of a paint which does work that no other paint can do. *New wood* painted with it looks like the natural wood when it is stained and varnished.

PAINTERS AND BUILDERS will find it profitable to investigate. All paint stores sell it.

In Its Worst Form.

BENTON, Laf. Co., Wis., Dec., 1888.

Rev. J. C. Bergen vouches for the following: James Rooney, who was suffering from St. Vitus Dance in its worst form for about 1¼ years, was treated by several physicians without effect. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic cured him.

Would Have Died.

HOLYOKE, Mass., November, 1890.

I was in pain all over, could get no rest either night or day and was not able to do any work for months, but after taking Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic only one week, I was able to sit up and attend to my dressmaking. I had paid over two hundred dollars to doctors and got no benefit. I certainly think I should have died long ago if I had not got this medicine.

MRS. ADA PENELL.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5 Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

He Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. **Life is passing!** Reach out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life. embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, *never* to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. **Money** to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex. All ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct you how, free. Failure unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once, True & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

Scientific American Agency for

PATENTS

CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS COPYRIGHTS, etc.

For information and free Handbook write to MUNN & CO., 361 BROADWAY, NEW YORK. Oldest bureau for securing patents in America. Every patent taken out by us is brought before the public by a notice given free of charge in the

Scientific American

Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Splendidly illustrated. No intelligent man should be without it. Weekly, $3.00 a year; $1.50 six months. Address MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, New York.

$25 NEW HIGH ARM Favorite Singer

LOW ARM, $20.00

Drop leaf, fancy cover, two large drawers, nickel ring and a full set of Attachment equal to any Singer Machine sold from $40 to $60 by Canvassers. A trial in your home before payment is asked. Buy direct from the Manufacturers and save agents' profits besides getting certificates of warrantee for five years. Send for testimonials to **Co-operative Sewing Machine Co., 201 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.**

WE PAY FREIGHT.

... FURNITURE ...

We keep constantly on hand a large stock of Furniture.

Chamber Suits, Parlor Suits, Dining Room Suits, Kitchen Furniture, Extension Tables, Centre Tables, Bedsteads,

Patent Rockers, Springs and Mattresses, Wall Paper Window Shades, etc., etc.

UNDERTAKING DEPARTMENT.

Special attention given to Undertaking and Embalming.

J. S. Dauberman & Son,

THEY APPRECIATE OUR BARGAINS

The crowds who have thronged our store recently is an indication that they appreciate our bargains in

Dress Goods, Fall and Winter Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, etc.

We still have a big stock on hand, which we will want to replace with spring goods, and for a while will offer better bargains than before. Come early and secure some of them before too late.

Harper & Kreamer.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division and Northern Central Railway.

Time Table in effect Nov. 15, 1891

TRAINS LEAVE MONTANDON, EASTWARD

9.27 a. m.—Train 14. (Daily except Sunday. For Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelpiah at 3.15 p. m., New York, 5.50 p. m., Baltimore, 3.20 p. m., Washington, 4.30 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all sea-shore points. Through passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre, Philadelphia and Baltimore.

1.35 p. m.—Train 8. (Daily except Sunday.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.50 p. m., New York 9.35 p. m., Baltimore, 6.45 p. m., Washington at 8.15 p. m. Parlor car through to Philadelphia, and pas enger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

5.00 p. m.—Train 12. [Daily except Sunday.] For Wilkesbarre, Hazleton, Pottsville Harrisburg and intermediate points, arriving at Philadelphia 10.55 p. m., Baltimore 10.40 p. m. Passenger coaches to Wilkesbarre and Philadelphia.

8.02 p. m.—Train 6 (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia, 4.25 a. m., New York at 7.10 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7.00 a. m.

1.29 a. m.—Train 4 (Daily.) For Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia at 6.00 a. m., New York 9.30 a. m., Baltimore, 6.20 a. m., Washington, 7.35 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars to Philadelphia and passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.36 a. m.—Train 3. (Daily) For Erie and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

10.17—Train 15. (Daily) For Lock Haven and intermediate stations

1.56 p. m.—Train 11. (Daily except Sunday For Kane, Canandaigua and intermediate stations Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester, and Parlor car to Rochester.

5.51 p. m.—Train 1. (Daily except Sunday.) For Renovo, Elmira and intermediate stations.

9.25 p. m.—Train 21. (Daily) For Williamsport and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR MONTANDON FROM EAST AND SOUTH.

Train 15 leaves New York 12.15 night, Philadelphia 4.30 a. m, Baltimore 4.45 a. m, Harrisburg 8.10 a. m, daily, Wilkesbarre, 7.25 a. m. (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 10.17 a. m

Train 11 leaves Philadelphia 8.50 a. m, Washington 8.10 a. m, Baltimore 9.00 a. m, Wilkesbarre 10.15 a. m, (Daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon 1.56 p. m, with parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Train 1 leaves New York 9.00 a. m, Phila., 11.40 a. m, Washington at 10.30 a. m, Baltimore at 11.45 a. m, Wilkesbarre 5.12 p. m, (daily except Sunday) arriving at Montandon at 5.54 p. m, with through passenger coaches from Phila. and Baltimore.

Train 23 leaves New York 2.00 p. m, Philadelphia 4.25 p. m, Washington 3.25 p. m, Baltimore 4.30 p. m, (daily) arriving at Montandon 9.25 p. m. Through coach from Philadelphia.

Train 3 leaves New York at 8.00 p. m, Philad. 11.25 p. m, Washington 10.40 p. m, Baltimore, 11.40 p. m, (daily) arriving at Montandon at 6.36 a. m, with through Pullman sleeping cars from Phila. Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.

Daily Except Sunday.

Westward.					Eastward.		
P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 25	5 50	Montandon	9 20	1 30	4 55
2 20	10 35	6 20	Lewisburg	9 10	1 20	4 45
2 30		6 30	Biehl	9 00		4 37
2 37		6 35	Vicksburg	8 55		4 32
2 47		6 45	Mifflinburg	8 45		4 22
3 03		7 00	Millmont	8 27		4 09
3 13		7 08	Glen Iron	8 17		4 02
3 47		7 43	Paddy Mountain	7 43		3 30
3 58		7 53	Coburn	7 32		3 18
4 06		8 01	Zerby	7 24		3 10
4 15		8 10	Rising Spring	7 16		3 02
4 23		8 18	Penn Cave	7 10		2 54
4 28		8 24	Centre Hall	7 05		2 47
4 34		8 32	Gregg	6 57		2 40
4 40		8 37	Linden Hall	6 50		2 32
4 45		8 42	Oak Hall	6 45		2 27
4 49		8 46	Lemont	6 41		2 23
4 58		8 51	Dale Summit	6 37		2 18
5 02		9 00	Pleasant Gap	6 28		2 08
5 05		9 04	Axemann	6 25		2 04
5 10		9 10	Bellefonte	6 20		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 10.00 a m, 5.55 and 7.30 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.55 a. m, 5.05 p m, 6.00 p m, and 8.05 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD Gen'l Passger Agt.

THE PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEG

LOCATED IN ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL AND HEALTHFUL SPOTS IN THE ALLEGHENY REGION; UNDENOMINATIONAL; OPEN TO BOTH SEXES; TUITION FREE; BOARD AND OTHER EXPENSES VERY LOW NEW BUILDINS AND EQUIPMENT

LEADING DEPARTMENTS OF STUDY.

1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
3. CHEMISTRY; with an unusually full and thorough course in the Laboratory.
4. (CIVIL ENGINEERING, ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING, MECHINICAL ENGINEERING;) These courses are accompanied with very extensive practical exercises in the Field, the Shop, and the Laboratory.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. INDUSTRIAL ART AND DESIGN.
7. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
8. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional.) French, German and English (required.) one or more continued through the entire course.
9. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
   MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
10. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Winter term opens January 7, 1891; Spring term, April 8, 1891. Commencement week, June 28—July 2, 1891. For Catalogue or other information, address

GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest., State College, Centre Co., Pa.

PATENTS

Caveats, and Trade-Marks obtained, and all Patent business conducted for MODERATE FEES.

OUR OFFICE IS OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE and we can secure patent in less time than those remote from Washington.

Send model, drawing or photo., with description. We advise, if patentable or not, free of charge. Our fee not due till patent is secured.

A PAMPHLET, "How to Obtain Patents," with cost of same in the U. S. and foreign countries sent free. Address,

C. A. SNOW & CO.

OPP. PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

A MAN . . . . .

Always seeks to make investments from which he can receive the most in return in benefits or dividends. $1.50 invested in a year's subscription to the "Reporter" will greatly benefit him and he will a dividend declared each week on the investment.

ATTORNEYS.

JOHN KLINE,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office on second floor of Furst's building north of Court House. Can be consulted in German and English. jan87

J. H. ORVIS, C. M. BOWER, E. L. ORVIS
ORVIS, BOWER & ORVIS,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE PA.
Office in Crider's Exchange building on second floor. jan85

D. F. FORTNEY,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office in Conrad Building. jan92

CLEMENT DALE,
Attorney at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from First National Bank. jan87

J. L. SPANGLER, C. P. HEWES.
SPANGLER & HEWES,
Attorneys at Law,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention to collections. Practice in all the courts. Consultation in German and English. jan92

BANKS.

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO.,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Receive deposits. Discount notes.
jan92 J. D. SHUGERT, Cashier

HOTELS.

IRVIN HOUSE,
S. Woods Caldwell Proprietor.
LOCK HAVEN, PA.
Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor jan92

BUSH HOUSE,
W. L. Daggett, Proprietor.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Special attention given to country trade. ap?90

FOUNTAIN HOUSE,
Emanuel Brown, Proprietor,
BELLEFONTE, PA.
The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the country in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate.

NEW GARMAN HOUSE,
Opposite Court House
BELLEFONTE, PA.
New building, new furniture throughout, steam heat, electric bells and all modern improvements. Good table and moderate charges.

SPRING MILLS HOTEL,
D. H. Ruhl, Proprietor.
SPRING MILLS, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains.

NEW BROCKERHOFF HOUSE,
G. B. Brandon, Proprietor.
BELLEFONTE, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains. Good sample rooms on first floor. Special rates to witnesses and jurors.

CAMERON HOUSE,
Ord & Zerfing, Proprietors.
LEWISBURG, PA.
Free bus to and from all trains. Good sample rooms on first floor.

ST. ELMO HOTEL.—617 AND 619 ARCH ST. Philadelphia. Rates $2 per day. Located in the immediate centres of business, and places of amusement and the different railroad depots, as well as all parts of the city are easily accessible by street cars constantly passing the door. It offers special inducements to those visiting the city for business or pleasure. Your patronage respectfully solicited. JOS. M. FINGER, Proprietor.

HUMPHREYS'

DR. HUMPHREYS' SPECIFICS are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years in private practice with success, and for over thirty years used by the people. Every single Specific is a special cure for the disease named. These Specifics cure without drugging, purging or reducing the system, and are in fact and deed the **sovereign remedies of the World.**

LIST OF PRINCIPAL NOS.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	**Fevers,** Congestion, Inflammations	.25
2	**Worms,** Worm Fever, Worm Colic	.25
3	**Crying Colic,** or Teething of Infants	.25
4	**Diarrhea,** of Children or Adults	.25
5	**Dysentery,** Griping, Bilious Colic	.25
6	**Cholera Morbus,** Vomiting	.25
7	**Coughs,** Cold, Bronchitis	.25
8	**Neuralgia,** Toothache, Faceache	.25
9	**Headaches,** Sick Headache, Vertigo	.25
10	**Dyspepsia,** Bilious Stomach	.25
11	**Suppressed** or **Painful Periods**	.25
12	**Whites,** too Profuse Periods	.25
13	**Croup,** Cough, Difficult Breathing	.25
14	**Salt Rheum,** Erysipelas, Eruptions	.25
15	**Rheumatism,** Rheumatic Pains	.25

SPECIFICS

16	**Fever and Ague,** Chills, Malaria	.50
17	**Piles,** Blind or Bleeding	.50
18	**Ophthalmy,** or Sore, or Weak Eyes	.50
19	**Catarrh,** Influenza, Cold in the Head	.50
20	**Whooping Cough,** Violent Coughs	.50
21	**Asthma,** Oppressed Breathing	.50
22	**Ear Discharges,** Impaired Hearing	.50
23	**Scrofula,** Enlarged Glands, Swelling	.50
24	**General Debility,** Physical Weakness	.50
25	**Dropsy,** and Scanty Secretions	.50
26	**Sea Sickness,** Sickness from Riding	.50
27	**Kidney Disease**	.50
28	**Nervous Debility** Seminal Weakness, or Involuntary Discharges	1.00
29	**Sore Mouth,** Canker	.50
30	**Urinary Weakness,** Wetting Bed	.50
31	**Painful Periods,** with Spasm	.50
32	**Diseases of the Heart,** Palpitation	1.00
33	**Epilepsy,** Spasm, St. Vitus' Dance	1.00
34	**Diphtheria,** Ulcerated Sore Throat	.50
35	**Chronic Congestions & Eruptions**	.50

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price. DR. HUMPHREYS' MANUAL, (144 pages) richly bound in cloth and gold, mailed free.

HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO.,
Cor. William and John Streets, New York.

HUMPHREYS' WITCH HAZEL OIL CURES PILES.

HUMPHREYS' VETERINARY SPECIFICS.—Used by all owners of Horse and Cattle. A Complimentary copy of Dr. Humphreys' Veterinary Manual (300 pages) on treatment and care of Domestic Animals—Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Hogs and Poultry — Sent free. HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO., cor. William and John Sts., N. Y.

DOCTOR

J. B. Hobensack's
MEDICAL OFFICES
206 N. Second St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Are the oldest in America for the treatment of
Special diseases and Youthful errors
Blood Poison, Nervous Debility, Ulcers, Strictures Bladder, Kidney and Skin Diseases. Varicocele, Hydrocele, Rupture, permanently cured by improved methods without detention from business. The Doctor's success is due to his lifelong experience and study; to the pure vegetable remedies used and to the thorough examination and watchful attention given patients during treatment. A forty year's establishment is our guarantee of success. Office hours, 9 a. m. to 2 p. m., 6 to 9 p. m. All day Saturday. Sundays, 10 to 12 p. m. Send stamp for book. 1 92 1y

The Chase Circular

Saw Mill

With Steel Headblocks Warranted Unbreakable
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE.
CHASE TURBINE MFG. CO., Orange, Mass.

The Recorder.

CENTRE HALL, - - PA.

A scientist has discovered that the human mouth is gradually moving to the left side of the face.

It is gratifying to note, observes the Detroit Free Press, that the national legislation for the protection of railroad employes is already being arranged for. If it be possible to find a uniform car coupling that is satisfactory it should be promptly adopted in interstate commerce.

Still another victory for the golden-rod. The State Horticultural Board of New Jersey has chosen her as State flower in a canvass in which the pansy, the rose and the violet were contestants for the honor. The golden-rod is not ambitious nor pushing, but she gets there all the same.

Great is the German appreciation of Shakespeare, exclaims the Chicago News. A cheap edition of his works brought out by the Weimar Shakespeare society has had a sale of 16,000 copies in six months. It is said that such a sale is an almost unprecedented event in the German book market.

As showing the remarkable changes that have taken place in recent years in trans-Atlantic vessels, the best offer that could be obtained at a recent sale in Liverpool for the City of Richmond, at one time one of the fleet of the Inman Line, was $83,000. This vessel originally cost about $750,000.

General Horace Porter favors a war with Chili. He says that "the jingo policy is all right. If this country had a foreign war once in each generation it would make our flag as much respected abroad as England's is, and it would make us the richest and most powerful nation on the globe."

There are 4218 teachers in the public schools of New York city. When a Normal College graduates gets her appointment she does substituting for the sum of $1.25 a day. When she gets a school her salary is $403 a year, and at the expiration of fourteen years of meritorious service there shall be paid a salary of not less than $750.

Education in Alaska is progressing. During the year ending June 30, 1891, there were in operation in the Territory 13 day schools, with an enrollment of 745 pupils, and in addition 11 contract schools, with 1106 pupils, making the total enrollment 1851. The appropriation for the year for education in Alaska was $50,000. This is a favorable showing.

It is said that Emin Pasha, that uneasy little German traveler, who was so unwillingly found and brought back to civilization by Stanley, has just discovered a new source for the Nile. It is only recently, remarks the New Orleans Times-Democrat, that this oldest of geographical puzzles was thought to be satisfactorily and finally solved, and now the whole question is reopened and nobody can be quite certain for some time as to where the Nils rises.

Mrs. Charles D. Haines of Kinderhook, N. Y., enjoys the distinction of being the only woman in the United States who is president of a railway. She is the executive head of the Hamilton and Kingston Railroad, and was until recently President of the Haines Valley Railroad in Texas. Mrs. Haines is only about thirty years old and is of very prepossessing appearance. She attends personally to the managing of the road of which she is the head and understands the business thoroughly, even in its minor details. But perhaps some part of her success is due to the fact that her husband is a practical railroad builder.

Specimens of what was probably the original corn of this country were found in a mound on the farm of A. J. Mercer, near Burden, Kan., last spring. Among the things unearthed was a sealed jar, and in this the corn was stored. The relics found with the corn are similar to those taken from the mounds of Ohio and Illinois, which would determine their age to be more than 1000 years. Mr. Mercer thought it would be a bright idea to plant a patch of ground with the grain and he was rewarded by seeing it sprout, thrive and mature. The ears have now been harvested. They are six inches long, and the kernels are about one-fourth the size of ordinary corn. From this stock the large and handsome grain of today known as Indian corn may have been produced by many seasons of cultivation.

THE LADIES.

A STURDY MAINE GIRL.

A story comes from Aroostook showing the material of which the natives of that country are made. A thirteen-year-old girl, the daughter of William Miller, who is lumbering at Moro, with the assistance of her father, loaded on a team 324 logs and hauled them to the landing, some distance away, where she would unload them alone and return for more. She was just twenty-six days hauling the 324 pieces and is at it yet.—[Augusta (Me.) Journal.

THE MILITARY CAPE.

The military cape is just now one of the fashionable fads. It appears on the newest ulsters and it figures for evening wear. Harper's Bazar says of it: "For evening capes this design is repeated in cream colored or beige cloth lined with ermine, the upper cape banded with ermine, showing the black 'taillettes' which mark this royal fur. Very elaborate capes of royal purple or of violet cloth combine lace with fur in the trimming, having the upper cape of black lace headed with mink tail or sable fur. Black cloth military capes have the shorter elbow cape of black velvet, with collar and borders of Persian lamb."

THE LONGEST-HAIRED WOMAN.

It is said that Morcedes Lopex, a Mexican woman, who lives on the Rio Grande, is perhaps the longest-haired woman in the world. She is some five feet in height, and when she stands erect her hair trails on the ground four feet and eight inches. Her hair is so thick that she can draw it around her so as to completely hide herself. Her present suit of hair is only about five years old. It grows so heavy as to cause her headaches and she is compelled to cut it frequently, and she sells large tresses to hair dealers every month. She is an ignorant woman, the wife of a sheep herder, and is of Castilian blood.—[New Orleans Picayune.

COSTUME OF GREEK WOMEN.

The costume worn by the Greek women is seldom bought ready made? It is usually either made by the wearers themselves or has come to them by inheritance. A handsome costume is an expensive purchase. The chemise, long enough to form a skirt, is very richly embroidered about the bottom in silk, and the two jackets of white cloth are elaborate. These are sleeveless, but a fine pair of embroidered sleeves makes a separate part of the dress. Silver ornaments for the head, neck and arms, a red apron, a sash and a silk gauze veil complete the costume. The last named items are luxuries, however, and vary according to the means. Rich maidens braid long strings of coins into their tresses, and at a country dance, where the costume is seen in its full splendor, the eyes of the suitor are as much attracted by the back view as by the face of the fair creatures. For everyday use nearly all women of every age wear a handkerchief over the head, and they are for the most part manufactured in Greece.—[New York Press.

AMERICAN GIRLS AND THEIR VOICES.

Mme. Fursch-Madi, a woman of many talents, chief of which is a pure soprano voice, has settled down in this city and taken charge of the vocal department of one of the city colleges.

"Voice culture," she said, "is difficult work. There is no reason why America should not produce some really great singers. There are many grand voices in America, but American girls do not seem to care to become great singers. They do not like to study.

If a girl is blessed by nature with a voice, she must study hard to cultivate it, not study spasmodically, but go at it with determination and keep at it. Of course she should begin right. There is a right way and a wrong way to begin, and it does seem to me often that some of our girls have poor advisers and poor teachers. A new method? Oh, dear me, no! There is only one method, and that is first a voice, and second proper cultivation and study. All the great singers of the world know this to be true. It is the only way to succeed."—[New York Mail and Express.

SHE MINES FOR GOLD.

Mrs. Emily Knight, of Tacoma, Washington, is a gold-miner and quite a successful one, too, it appears from all reports. She already owns properties in the Gold Hill district valued at several hundred thousand dollars, but which she has bonded for $50,000 in order to further improve and develop them. Mrs. Knight says she follows the life of a miner because she likes it and finds it a fascinating and profitable business. She was born in Lancashire, England, but has lived in this country some years, principally during her residence in the East, at Boston, where her daughter now resides. She has traveled all over the United States; was in the San Diego real estate boom and made considerable money before the crash came, and then shrewdly refused to invest there. She has resided until this last mining venture for two years in Seattle, making more money in real estate and business enterprises. She seems to be in perfect health. Mrs. Knight shares the honor of Mrs. Hensley, known among the miners of Castle, Mont., as "Little Dot," of being the only female miners in the world. "Little Dot" is about thirty years old, and until her marriage with James Hensley a year ago has been a miner, or rather a mineress, for the past ten years, doing all the work herself.

She was shut off from civilization during all that time, wearing men's clothes and working in her mines with pick and shovel, not seeing the face of woman for many years, and very seldom meeting even a man. She accumulated property rapidly, and when she took to herself a husband this plucky little woman was worth at least $75,000. In Montana "Little Dot" is as well-known and respected as Mrs. Knight, of Tacoma and Gold Hill, will be known before long.—Chicago Post.

FASHION NOTES.

The dress bonnet grows beautifully less.

The floral panier and the peasant bodice, made wholly of small roses, accompanying party toilets, are short-lived absurdities.

A model of pale blue bengaline to wear above a sheath skirt of silver-gray cloth has collar, revers and cuffs of dark-green velvet,

Girdle belts of fur on fur-trimmed costumes are new and unique, and like many other fashions of the season are chiefly designed for slender forms.

New handkerchiefs have no hems, but are whipped at the edges and worked over in blanket stitch with any color preferred, and below the little colored edging is a half-inch open border as fine as a fairie's web.

Sleeves are now very frequently made with wrist-trimming to fall over the back of the hand as they did in the days of the Plantagenets. The fashion is rather becoming to women who have large hands and wrists.

The latest style of arranging the hair for full dress is the "Mme. de Sevigne." The hair is waved over the head, then arranged in easy braids at the back with a cluster of light curls falling from the centre of the knot.

Pretty gowns for dinner wear show skirts made of pale doe color, dove gray or violet cloth, with Louis XV. of old rose, mauve or chestnut-brown bengaline, trimmed with rounding collars and deep cuffs of velvet in deeper or contrasting shades.

Women who have the white Paisley shawls of twenty or thirty years ago laid away among their treasures should produce them now and make them over into the prettiest of cloaks. They are lined with shot silk or brocade of bright colors, and have double shirred capes of the border edged with its own fringe.

Seal is trimmed with Persian lamb to as great an extent as last winter, while other furs are more used upon it than before. Sea otter is employed as a trimming of seal, and also mink, the sables, too, and their imitations. Collars, sleeves, vests, basques, shoulder capes and pocket flaps are of the trimming fur.

Bonnet strings are managed entirely according to the whim of the wearer. No two are alike. They are tied under the chin, under the ear, harnessed in two rows across the back of the head, crossed and recrossed about the throat, speared with jewelled pins in every direction, and, in fact, have become subject to the most erratic treatment.

Seal shoulder capes have yoke and border of this trimming. A beautiful shoulder cape of seal has an applique of undyed seal outlined by gold cord. These capes are lined richly, and are quite expensive. A krimmer cape adjusted to a deep pointed yoke of gray, hairless skin, has this yoke set with tufts of krimmer encircled by rings of gold.

The "loose-back" wraps are among the ugliest shapes possible. The wearer must be exceptionally tall and slender, and must carry herself in the most approved Delsarteon manner. Even then one feels she has not done herself justice. On a short, stout figure this model, cut without any seams in the back, following the lines of the shape, is simply disastrous.

Bretelles appear upon many of the new toilets designed for children, misses and slender matrons. Some are made of the dress goods, others of bengaline, surah, etc. Bretelles of lace, velvet or silk are seen that are a mere point at the waist-line, widening to almost cover the shoulders. Thence they pass to the back of the neck in full-flowing pleats like a Stuart frill.

The braiding of seal with gold and silk braid and appliquing it with other furs is continued this year. A quarter-inch silk braid of light tan is used in connection with gold. A full-length wrap of seal has a pattern traced by this braid, and gold cord, forming a yoke on the back, jacket fronts that round over the bust and run well beneath the arms upon the waist, and a trimming for the bottom of the moderately flowing sleeves.

Queen Victoria still wears a hat; that is, when she chooses. She appeared in one about a month ago in one of her daily drives, "said headgear," writes an American lady, "being a sort of dab-brown straw, adorned with a feather which had once been white, but which the smoke and fog of London had just as thoroughly demoralized as if it had bobbed and nodded upon the head of the lowliest of the Queen's subjects."

Plumb's Pioneer Friends.

Nobody who witnessed the evident leasure with which Senator Plumb greeted a friend he had not seen for twenty years would say he was without sentiment. And a number of these old acquaintances who hunted up the Senator was further proof that he was not as cold-blooded as he sometimes seemed. In his busiest hours the Senator welcomed the partners of his pioneer days. He would leave the company of fellow-Senators under almost any circumstances to "have a talk with a man I haven't seen since the war." He used to say to those old friends that it felt good to "see 'em and rub noses a while." One morning he laid down a letter with an ejaculation of pleasure, and, turning, told this story: "In 1857, before we had a postoffice in Emporia, we used to leave messages in the cleft of a tree at the ford of the Neosho above town. A letter left there would in time reach the person to whom it was addressed, for everybody crossed at that ford and looked in the cleft of the tree. One day I found a note there for me. It was from a man who had left it to inform me he was tired of Kansas and was going back home. From that day to this I never heard from him. I didn't know he was living until this morning I received this letter from him in Oregon." Then the Senator smiled, re-read the letter, and put it away.

Silverware Will Detect It.

It is said that silverware furnishes one of the most reliable means of detecting defective drainage. If it is covered with a black coating or tarnish soon after being cleaned, and after a second or third cleaning again becomes darkened, one may be certain that there is something wrong with the drainage system of the house.—[Detroit Free Press.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

JUGGLERS IN THE MOSS.

Some time you will come across
Elfin jugglers in the moss
This will be the way they'll look
In their shady forest nook:
Gray-green faces, gray-green hair,
Gray-green are the clothes they wear.
Some are short and some are tall,
Light and nimble are they all.
Nodding this way, nodding that—
Pointed cap or plumed hat;
Now on tiptoe spinning round,
Now with forehead to the ground;
Bowing last, their hands they kiss.
But the strangest thing is this,
Though you go and come again,
In these postures they remain,
And your movements never heed.
Have you seen them?—Then, indeed,
You can say that you have been
Where King Oberon and his Queen
Oft in summer-time do go—
To the elfin jugglers' show.
—[Edith M. Thomas, in St. Nicholas.

A PERSIAN TALE.

There was once a prince who, having been much displeased with one of his nobles, determined to punish him. The prince commanded that he should be shut up in a high tower. Into this tower there was only one entrance, which was walled up immediately after the nobleman had been placed there. Thus all hope of escape seemed to be cut off, and the unhappy man was left to perish.

Inside the tower was a long winding staircase, by which the prisoner reached the top. While looking down from there he observed his wife, who had come indulging a faint hope that she might be able, by some means or other, to aid her husband in escaping from his place of confinement.

On inquiring if she could be of any service to him he replied: "Oh, yes. Go and procure a black beetle, a little grease, a skein of silk, a ball of twine and a long rope."

The wife hastened to obtain what her husband asked for, wondering, no doubt, at the strangeness of his request. She soon returned, furnished with the things. Her husband then directed her to put the grease on the beetle's head, to fasten the silk on his hind leg, the twine to the silk, and then the rope to the twine, and then to place the beetle on the wall of the tower.

On being set at liberty on the wall the beetle smelling the grease on its head and not being able to discover where it was, crept up the wall in search of it till it arrived at the top. The nobleman caught it, and, taking the silk from its hind leg, carefully drew it up. When he came to the end of the silk he found the twine, and next he came to the rope. Fastening this to a crook, he let himself down, and then made his escape.—[New York Advertiser.

THE STORY OF CHARLIE WHITE.

We were a cavalry command of about three hundred men, and were encamped in a grove on the north bank of the Big Wichita River, in Texas. The stream was bank full with a freshet, and we had gone into camp to wait until we could ford it. There were plenty of hostile Indians about, but they were not strong enough in numbers to cause us to fear anything like a general attack.

On the afternoon of the second day of our encampment three or four of us were on the bank of the river strolling about, when we heard the faint report of a rifle to the south. The country on the south side was perfectly flat, and one could see as far as on the water. What we saw as we looked up was a figure on horseback making straight for us, but still afar off, while strung out behind was a long line of mounted Indians.

We couldn't tell whether the one in advance was man, woman or boy; we couldn't tell whether he was white red or black. We jumped to the conclusion, however, that it was a white fugitive who wanted our protection, and the alarm was at once given. He came thundering down to within half a mile of the river and then his horse suddenly pitched headlong to the earth and did not rise again.

The Indians closed up, formed a circle and began firing at the fugitive hugging the ground.

About fifty of our men began catching up their horses before any order had been given, and some were ready to mount when the Major flatly refused to permit anyone to try the crossing. The current was running like a mill race, and it did not seem possible for a horse to breast it. However, when the men began to cry out in indignation, the Major went down to the bank, surveyed the circling Indians for a moment, and then said:

"Lieutenant Brown, you may try it with twenty men if you wish."

It wasn't a minute before the twenty of us had pushed our horses into the water. They had to swim from the start, but they were fresh and strong, and after being carried down about eight rods all of us reached the south bank in safety. When we were in line the lieutenant said:

"The reds haven't seen us even yet. Ride right down upon them and shoot to kill."

The Indians were so intent with their prey that we were half-way up to them before they got the alarm. They were then so astonished that we decreased the distance by ten rods before they turned to fly. We had our Spencer carbines, but no sabres. I never saw those guns shoot better than on that day. I counted the Indians while we were charging, and they numbered nineteen. We killed five outright, mortally wounded two others, and killed and disabled eight ponies in a pursuit lasting two miles. When we finally drew rein and rode back we were more astonished than the Indians had been.

Sitting on the body of his dead horse and taking things as cooly as you please was a boy, fourteen years of age, named Charlie White. He was hatless and barefooted, and he looked as shy as any farmer's boy ever called in to see company.

"How many dead do you count, Lieutenant?" he asked as he came up.

"We've got seven down."

"And my two make nine! There's one over there, and here's another off here! There were twenty-one in that crowd when they first circled me!"

It was true. He had killed two warriors while we were crossing, and though 200 bullets had been fired at him he had escaped without a scratch. About twenty-three miles away was his father's ranche. That morning Charlie had set out in search of some stray horses, and about noon he got sight of the Indians. They had him cut off from the ranche, and there was no choice left but to ride to the north. He had no hope of meeting any one in that direction, and the Indians felt so sure of their prey that they did not try very hard to come up with him until he was within sight of the river. His horse was not exhausted, as we thought, but had stepped into a hole and fallen in such a way as to break its neck.

Many a game fighter would have been in despair when he found himself in such a fix, but the boy hugged down beside his horse and kept his nerve. Both his shots were long ones, and he must have had a keen eye and a steady hand. He looked a bit pale and his chin quivered a little as he told us his story, but he was cooler than any of the rest of us.

For years after on that border the story of Charlie White was told at every camp fire, and the man who could truthfully say that he was one of the rescuing party on that day was considered a bigger man than the Governor of Texas.—[M. Quad in New York World.

MONKEYS UTILIZE A RAT.

They Beguile Him With Caresses and Then Use Him as a Cushion.

The monkeys at Lincoln Park apparently possess more robust constitutions than their brothers and sisters confined in Central Park, New York. Not long ago a genuine epidemic of the grip afflicted the Gotham monkeys. As one after the other became affected they exhibited every symptom of the prevailing disease. In a few instances they recovered, but the constitutions of many were too frail to pull them through.

There are now four monkeys at Lincoln Park. They are in possession of a strange playfellow, whom they are utilizing as only a monkey's ingenuity can suggest. Adjoining their cage stands another containing a large number of white rats. For many months the pink-eyed rodents have excited a great deal of inquisitiveness on the part of their four neighbors. The monkeys have spent the greater portion of their time peering at the rats, and the latter have exhibited a similar interest in the monkeys. A week ago the keeper transferred the largest white rat in the cage to the monkeys' den, to see what would be the effect of the nearer companionship.

When the rat made his advent into the monkeys' cage the cunning animals screamed with delight, but none of them made the slightest effort to harm the visitor. On the contrary, they showed a marked willingness to share their food with the new-comer, and the rat was allowed to remain.

With a reluctance born of distrust, the monkeys hesitated for a long time before cultivating a closer friendship. Finally, one afternoon, while the rat was fast asleep beneath the trapeze, which is suspended from the middle of the cage, the most inquisitive monkey in the cage cautiously lowered himself from it by his tail. A little black paw was extended and five tawny fingers hesitatingly stroked the rat's soft fur. It seemed to answer his expectation, and in a few moments a fast friendship had been formed and there was harmony among all concerned. One after the other the monkeys fondled the rat in their arms and stroked its fur. They would climb with it to the highest perch of their cage, but not once did they drop it or show the least inclination to harm their pet. Monkeys and rat ate from the same dish, and frequently a sedate old fellow would interrupt his own meal to give a choice morsel to his little white companion or to stroke his back, as the monkey family gathered together around the dish.

This state of affairs continued for several days, until, in an unfortunate moment—for the rat, at least—a new use was found for it. Monkeys, like human beings, delight in comfort. The monkey cage is not fitted up with cushioned seats, and the occupants seemed to long for a life of ease. After much apparent thinking and scratching of ears, one old monkey decided to utilize the rat for a cushion. He gently placed the rat on the floor of the cage and sat on it. The rat did not move—in fact he seemed to enjoy the new use to which he had been placed—and the intelligent monkey chattered with delight. The rest tried it and they were equally pleased. From that day until now the white rat has served as a seat for the monkeys, who become almost frantic when an attempt is made to remove their luxury. They have continued to be as kind and gentle with their pet as ever, and, since the rat seems to be none the worse for the peculiar use to which he has been put, he has been allowed to remain.

Visitors at the Zoo spend much time watching the queer proceedings, and at almost any time one can find a demure monkey seated upon the patient rat scratching his ear or picking his teeth in sagacious monkey meditation.—[Chicago Times.

Rules for Using Books.

Never hold a book near the fire.
Never drop a book upon the floor.
Never turn leaves with the thumb.
Never lean or rest upon an open book.
Never turn down the corners of leaves.
Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.
Always keep your place with a thin book-mark.
Always turn leaves from the top with the middle or forefinger.
Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.
Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.
Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.
Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft dry cloth or duster.—[Home Queen.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

EPITOME OF NEWS GLEANED FROM VARIOUS PARTS OF THE STATE.

THE Democratic State Committee met at Harrisburg and elected J. M. Wright, of Allentown, chairman, and W. F. Harrity member of the National committee. B. M. Nead was re-elected secretary. At times the meeting was the scene of much tumult and there were some lively disputes between the two factions. B. F. Meyers was elected chairman of the First Division.

THE Dawson Deposit Bank at Dawson, near Uniontown, closed its doors. The liabilities are $16,000 and the assets $27,000. The creditors will be paid in full.

FIFTEEN street cars were run by the Pittsburg, Allegheny and Manchester Company under police protection. Eleven leaders of the strikers, including the master workman of the Knights of Labor were arrested, charged with conspiracy.

THE annual lumber statement made public at Williamsport, shows that during 1891 the quantity of lumber rafted at the boom was 262,071, 374 feet, divided as follows: Pine and hardwood, 57,275, 471; hemlock, 204,785,923. On the first on January the lumber on hand, pine, 46,385,404; hemlock, 121,616,522; lath, 45,934,900; pickets, 5,933,096.

THREE weeks ago R. K. Nelson, a resident of Phillipsburg, disappeared and no tidings whatever have been received concerning his whereabouts. The general impression is that he wandered into the woods and perished.

AT the Retreat Poor House, near Wilkesbarre, is a Polander who has been sleeping almost continuously for thirteen months. He was taken there from Wilkesbarre City Hospital about fourteen months ago. The sleeper opens his eyes occasionally to take a little nourishment, but immediately draws his head under the covers and falls into a comatose condition. The cause has not been explained.

FIRES were started in the furnaces of the Catasauqua Manufacturing Company's Mill "B," at Fullerton, for the first time since the strike of July last. The company's four mills are now in operation. Non-union hands are employed.

THE Lackawanna river overflowed its banks at Scranton, and people were compelled to go about in boats as several feet of water covered the streets. The damage is considerable.

BY the explosion of a range in the kitchen of Abram Demuth, at Lebanon, the rear portion of his house was wrecked, Mrs. Demuth had a narrow escape from death.

COMPTROLLER LACEY has ordered Receiver J. W. Sproul, of the Corry National Bank, to pay a dividend during the latter part of February. The depositors of the broken bank will probably receive 80 per cent. in all.

NEAR Kingston, Mike Luther, a Hungarian, became involved in a row at a ball. His opponents waited for him and as he was on his way to a boarding house he was assaulted and so badly beaten that he died.

SUNDAY papers were sold, as usual, in Pittsburg. The case of Thomas Matthews, who was recently fined for selling Sunday papers, will be appealed to the Supreme Court. The Union News Company will combine with the newspapers in fighting the Law and Order Society.

THE strike of the employees of the Pittsburg, Allegheny & Manchester Street Railway continue. The road has been tied up for three days. An attempt was made to run three cars, but a mob stoned the motormen and conductors until they fled.

DURING a fight in the Capital Saloon, in Scranton, Fred Reidenbach was fatally cut and James Murray and Julius Whalen were injured about the face.

AT Wilkesbarre Dominick Balkano and Patrick Gibbons quarreled over a woman and Gibbons severely stabbed Balkano near the heart. He may die.

AMONG the patents granted last week were the following to Pennsylvanians: J. F. Barber and J. Stevens, Hazleton, catch for bake pans. W. M. Hoerle, Allegheny, wick raising device for central draft lamps. D. J. Hurley, Erie, tapping device. W. R. Jenkins, Bellefonte, power hammer. G. A. Spang, Butler, pressure blower. C. Weltmer, Campbelltown, mail bag. M. C. Wilson, Athens, extension ladder. Following of Pittsburg: A. E. Frank and E. H. Hoad, transferring designs to glass, porcelain and other surfaces; J. B. Goodwin, metallic standing-seam roofing; F. D. Hoehl, alarm clock; J. Shanhon, wood graining machine; J. M. Taylor and M. Falk, trousers. Following from Philadelphia: J. D. Bauerbook binding; P. Echenroth, Jr., game apparatus; R. G. Ledig, lampshade support; S. M. Lillie, vacuum evaporating apparatus; J. H. Mitchell, duplex-dough-sheeting machine; I. R. Newkirk, tire for wheels; J. M. Price, mechanical movement; E. L. Tevis, tobacco stripping machine; G. C. Van Roden, calipers for bracelets.

A Peasant's Appeal to His King.

At Szanad, in Hungary, lives a poor peasant farmer named Pero Bati. The destruction of his crops and loss of cattle had plunged him into difficulties. One sleepless night he conceived a novel idea and arose early the next morning and carried it out. The idea took the form of the following epistle:

"To the Most Honorable and Well-Born Herr King:

"My cow is dead—with great respect I submit this—and my noble farm produce has been struck down with hailstones. The wicked 'man in possession' plagues me sorely, though he is my brother-in-law's godfather. There is no living soul in Szanad who can lend me a kreuzer, because no one in Szanad has a kreuzer. If my lord would lend me a couple of gulden—for which he has no immediate need—I would pay him back with interest when my next year's kukuruz crop (maize) is sold. I trust that good health may wait upon my good king and his exalted house and also his dear family. Oh, that I could kiss the pretty hands of our high-born lady queen! All happiness to your king's majesty.

"Truly yours,
"PERO BATI."

This letter was duly dispatched and a messenger was sent to ascertain the truth of Bati's statement. This proving correct the two gulden (about 3s) which the Emperor was "not in immediate need of" were place at Pero Bati's disposal.—London News.

FAMILY SOLICITOR—How is it that you have sunk so much lower than all your companions? Jack—I took your advice, sir, and started at the bottom. I stayed there.—Kate Field's Washington.

SHE WHO IS MINE.

She who is mine, whose soul is all my own
As mine is hers, long loved and early known,
With what warm hands, with what a loving face,
She gives me welcome to this quiet place.
This cottage hearth, where we two dwel alone.

We have the poor for neighbors; we are one,
Content with simple duties simply done;
And she, at least, of no ambitious race,
She who is mine.

Ah, yes; Life's vain results have come and gone;
And the dry heart, like a cold kernel stone
Within its withered pulp and shrunken case,
Might well have lost such fulness and such grace
As once it had, but for this love, full grown
And resolute and pure, that she hath shown,
She who is mine,

—[The Academy.

POPPIE'S DILEMMA.

A biting wind has everything its own way out of doors to-day. It whirls away in triumph the few brown leaves that have clung obstinately until now to the shivering branches of the big copper beech opposite to the library window; it moans dismally in chimneys, whistles shrilly through loose fitting window frames, and, in short, makes itself as disagreeable as possible. But I, sitting in my favorite chair in the snug library, and with a new and exciting "yellow-back" in my hand, bid defiance to the weather, congratulate myself that I have the afternoon free to enjoy myself in and need not go outside.

I have reckoned without my host, however, for before I have read more than two chapters of my book, I hear a door opened behind me and a voice say inquiringly;—

"Susan!"

It is Poppie, and I know she will want to talk. I bend lower down over the fire, with my elbows on my knees, and pretend not to hear; perhaps she will go away again. Vain hope! She closes the door and comes toward me.

"Susan!" she says again.

"Well?" I reply unwillingly and without turning or raising my eyes.

"I want to talk to you," says Poppie, coaxingly.

"I knew you did," is my inward remark. "Well," I repeat aloud, "what is is it about?" And still I keep my eyes fixed on the page, devoutly praying that Poppie will repent of disturbing me when she sees how engrossed I am, and will leave me in peace. But she does no such thing; on the contrary she kneels down upon the hearth rug beside me and lays her two hands upon my book.

"Don't read, Susan," she says, in her pretty imperative way? "I really have something to say to you."

With a faint sigh I lay down the book and turn to my sister. I do not know why or how it is, but I always find myself obeying Poppie with most exemplary meekness.

"What have you to say?" I asked resignedly.

"It is about something that happened while I was at the Nugents," begins Poppie.

"Oh, I'm sure you must have told me everything about that visit!" I interrupt impatiently.

"Did I ever say anything of a Mr. Harris?"

"No, I think not—I don't remember," I reply doubtfully.

"Well, then, you must know he was staying there, too, nearly all the time that I was," says Poppie, sitting on the floor beside me, her hands clasped round her knees and her face turned towards the fire. "He is a youngish-oldish man—you know what I mean—no particular age—very tall and big, with a large round face, like a red moon more than anything else. He is a retired merchant or manufacturer, and has heaps of money, which he has made in business. He has a lovely place somewhere in the lake country and a splendid house in Park lane; and Mrs. Nugent told us he must have at least twenty thousand a year." She pauses, and, taking up the poker, begins most unnecessarily to stir the fire.

"Well, is that all?" I ask after a short silence.

"Not quite all," replies Poppie calmly, with her back still toward me and emphasizing her words with little taps of the poker upon a sputtering, fizzing log. "He asked me to marry him."

She speaks with such utter unconcern that for a moment I do not believe her.

"You are joking," I cry wrathfully, taking up my "yellow back" again; "and I call it a very poor joke indeed, if you care for my opinion on the subject."

"It is not a joke, Susan; really and truly it is not!" declares Poppie, dropping the poker with a clatter into the fender and turning round to me, "I am quite in earnest, I assure you!"

For a few seconds I stare at her in silent amazement. Then she begins to laugh.

"Is it then so surprising?" she asks, putting her lovely face close to mine and glancing saucily up at me. "Susan, do, for pity sake, shut your eyes and mouth! You look so utterly absurd!"

"Well," I ejaculated, "I must confess I am surprised; I have not quite taken it in yet. But why did you not tell me of it before?" I add reproachfully. "You came home on Monday last, and this is Thursday—I call it a shame!"

"But, now that I have told you, what do you say?"

"I think it is by far the most delightful piece of news I ever heard!" I answered excitedly. "To think that you will have twenty thousand a year and a house in Park lane and—"

"Stop, stop!" cries Poppie. "You are running on much too fast, Susan, for I—I did not accept him."

"Didn't accept him?" I echo blankly.

"My poor susan," says Poppie, laughing again as she puts her soft little hand upon mine, "are you terribly disappointed?"

"I am," I replied solemnly and mournfully—"dreadfully disappointed! It would be, oh, so nice if you were married to such a delightfully rich man as this Mr. Harris seems to be! But, of course, there is no use in my saying anything now, since you have refused him," and I end with a regretful sigh.

Poppie gets up from the floor and, drawing a chair close to mine, sits down.

"Susan," she says, "I want to ask your advice."

I do my best to suppress my astonishment at this remark, for never before was my sister Poppie known to seek advice—at any rate, of me—and respond inquiringly—

"Yes, dear?"

"I did not exactly refuse Mr. Harris—wait a moment until I have done, please!"—as I prepare to give vent to a volley of delighted exclamations—"I said 'No' over and over again when he asked me; but—I don't know why it was—he would not take 'No' for an answer—perhaps"—smiling a little—"he was too conceited—at any rate he could not bring himself to believe that I really meant to decline the honor he wished to confer upon me. He declared that a woman's 'No' always meant 'Yes,' and he bothered me so that for the sake of peace I agreed to take a week to think over the matter, and at the end of that time to write and give him my final answer. The week will be up to-morrow, so I must come to a speedy decision. I told him at the time that thinking it over would not make any difference, that my reply must always be the same; but now—I don't know—perhaps he was right—I have thought and rethought until I am half distracted, and I don't know in the least what to say to him, after all. There, now—I have told you the whole story, Susan, and I want you to help me."

"It is hard for me to advise you, Poppie," I say slowly, after we have sat for some time in silence. "You see, I have never seen this Mr. Harris, and never even heard of him until this afternoon. What kind of a man is he?"

"I don't think he is anything out of the common, one way or the other," my sister answers reflectively. "He is good-natured and generous after a fashion; he has an exalted opinion of his own merits and his money; and—yes, decidedly there is a touch of vulgarity about him!"

"But he is fond of you?" I asked quickly.

Poppie smiles slightly.

"Well, yes, I think so," she replies; at any rate, he no doubt considers that I should suit his purpose very well. He wants some one to wear his diamonds for him, drive in his carriages and fill his great houses with smart people—in fact, to help to show off his wealth; and all that I could do very well."

"It would be very nice to be rich, though," I murmur half to myself.

"Yes, I know that; but is money everything?" says Poppie.

"Of course you could not be expected to love him," I begin hesitatingly.

"Of course not. What an idea!"

"But so many people marry for money nowadays; and you don't—" I pause for a few seconds, and then continue nervously—"you don't love any one else, I suppose, Poppie?"

"I suppose not," she returns.

"Are you sure?" I ask inwardly quaking as to the result of my boldness. "Because"——

"Because what?" she says a little sharply.

"Because I once fancied—I may have been wrong, and you must not be vexed with me if I was—but I did fancy there was something between you and Jack Neville," I blurted out desperately.

Poppie flushes scarlet and frowns; then she asks quietly:—

"What made you think so?"

"Oh, I don't know—lots of things!" I reply. "You have been a great deal together all your lives, and—— But I suppose I was wrong; there was nothing"——

"Nothing whatever—you are quite wrong!" she answers, but she avoids my glance and moves restlessly in her chair.

"I am sorry," I say stupidly, "I should have liked Jack for my brother in-law, and"——

I come to a sudden stop, for Poppie has risen quickly from her seat and stands before me with angry eyes and flushed cheeks. The next minute, however, she presses her quivering lips together and turns away.

"You have wandered from the point as usual, Susan," she says coldly. "We were discussing Mr. Harris, not Jack Neville, and we do not seem to be getting any nearer to a decision."

"Suppose you write a letter and see what it looks like!" I suggest.

She walks over to the little writing table by the window and, sitting down before it, opens the blotter and dips a pen into the ink.

"Which ought I to put, Susan, 'Dear Mr. Harris,' or 'My Dear Mr. Harris?'" she asks, doubtfully.

"That will depend, I think, on what you are going to say," I reply. "Try 'Dear' first.

"What comes next, supposing this to be a refusal, you know?"

"'Much as I appreciate the honor you have done me,'" I prompt glibly. "'I regret that I must adhere to my former decision.'"

"It sounds just like a Polite Letter Writer," objects Poppie; but I suppose I must put something like that;" and she writes it down. "It looks perfectly horrid, Susan!" she goes on plaintively. "Oh, why did I ever say that I would write? I had no idea it would be so difficult. If one could put just plain 'Yes' or 'No,' and sign one's name to it, how much easier it would be!"

"Try something else then; see what it would look like if you said 'Yes.'"

She takes a fresh sheet of paper.

"I suppose it must be 'My Dear' this time," she says, sighing. Well, Susan, I've committed myself so far; but it seems more hopelessly hard than the refusal. How in the world am I to word it?"

While I rack my brains for a suitable sentence Poppie gazes disconsolately out of the window. Suddenly the pen falls from her fingers and she pushes back her chair with a suppressed exclamation as some one on a brown cob rides swiftly past the window.

"Who was it?" I asked eagerly, getting up.

"It was Jack," replies Poppie slowly. She has risen to her feet and stands with her hand on the back of the chair.

"How nice of him to come over and see us! I don't believe he has been here since before you went to the Nugents'," I say delightfully, as I throw another log upon the fire in anticipation of our visitor. But when I turned again toward my sister I perceive that she has hurried to the door and is in the act of turning the handle. "Poppie," I cry, flying across the room to her side, "where are you going?"

"I have a headache—I— Oh, Susan, let me go! You can tell Jack I was sorry not to see him—anything you like; but—" She pulls her arm from my detaining grasp and opens the door for flight; but she is too late—Jack Neville is already standing on the mat outside.

"How are you?" I say cheerfully, as I hold out a welcoming hand to him. "I have not seen you for so long that I had almost forgotten what you were like!"

He laughs a little as he shakes hands with me, and then turns quickly to Poppie, who is standing silently beside me with her eyes fixed on the carpet.

"So you have come back at last!" he says.

"It appears so," she returns, still without looking at him.

"Before you went away we quarrelled, Poppie, didn't we?" he goes on hastily. "Are we friends again now, or are we enemies?"

Slowly Poppie looks up from the floor to his face; then she colors a little as she puts her hand into his and answers nervously:

"Let us be friends."

"Well, Susan," says Jack a little later, as he stands with his back to the fire sipping hot tea, "have you any news to tell me?"

"No," I reply, shaking my head as I shut the lid of the teapot with a bang; "but I might have if—"

"What an enigmatical remark!" he exclaims, laughing. "What does it mean? You might have if—what?"

"I am not sure if I may tell you," I answer, casting a doubtful look at Poppie.

"Oh, then it concerns Poppie, does it, this mysterious piece of news?" and he glances at her too.

"May I tell?" I ask persuasively.

"Certainly, if you wish to do so," returns my sister.

"Well, then, Jack, Poppie has had a proposal from a very rich man, and she can't make up her mind whether to accept him or not. Isn't it odd?"

"Isn't what odd?"

"That she is not able to decide what to say to him. Of course it would not be a love match; but then she would have—oh, everything she could possibly want; and, if that would not satisfy her and make her happy forever after, as the story book says, what would?"

"What, indeed!" says Jack slowly and thoughtfully. "As you say, Susan, it is very odd."

I have known Jack Neville from my childhood; still I do not quite understand him. He has an uncomfortable way of seeming to agree with one, yet there is an indescribable something in his very quietness of face and manner which arouses a suspicion that he is laughing at one all the time. "Jack, I am really in earnest," I say, a little reproachfully.

He turns to me quickly.

"So am I, Susan."

And as I look searchingly at him I cannot detect the faintest glimmer of a laugh on his grave handsome face or in his steady eyes.

"Well, then, I wish you would help me to decide for Poppie. Of course I only want to do what will be for her happiness"——

"Of course," he interposes gravely; "but what way do Poppie's own inclinations lie?"

At this Poppie rises from her chair and, coming over to the tea table, puts down her empty cup and turns to Jack.

"I assure you I have no inclination one way or the other, she says hurriedly, with a faint, nervous little laugh; "I stand on perfectly neutral ground; it is a matter of absolute indifference to me."

"That being the case, would it not be the fairest and simplest way to draw lots?" Jack quietly suggests.

"Of course it would! How stupid not to have thought of that before," I cry, rising quickly and running over to the writing table. "I will just write 'Yes' on one piece of paper and 'No' on another, and then fold them in exactly the same way."

When I return with the neatly folded slips of paper in my hand I notice with some surprise that my sister is flushed and that her eyes gleam excitedly, which seems strange in a person who hardly five minutes ago declared herself perfectly indifferent as to the upshot of the affair.

"Now, then, Poppie, will you draw?" I say briskly. "I myself do not really know which is which."

Quickly drawing back her dark head, Poppie steps forward. Jack is standing at a little distance behind her, intently watching as she stretches out her hand toward the paper that is to decide her fate. She hesitates for a moment, touching the slips irresolutely, then her fingers close firmly upon one.

"I will take this," she says, a little excitedly.

"Very Well. Now be quick and open it for I do not know which it is!" I cry eagerly.

As she stands before me without moving all the pretty color fades out of her face.

"I am afraid to look," she says, in a tone that is only a little louder than a whisper; then she turns round suddenly to Jack. "Will you read it for me?" she says, putting the paper hurriedly into his hand and drawing a deep breath.

Slowly—oh, so slowly!—Jack unfolds the little slip and reads the one word written on it. Poppie is trembling all over, and her eyes are fixed on his face, which wears a curious expression, such as I never saw there before.

There is a short silence, and then Jack looks up, his eyes meet Poppie's eager ones and he laughs a little.

"The Fates have proved themselves kind for once, at any rate," he says. "I must congratulate you, Poppie."

"You mean—what?" she says, and then stops, unable to say more.

"You have drawn 'Yes,'" says Jack, slowly.

"Oh, how," I begin ecstatically, but got no further. What on earth has happened to Poppie and Jack? She has started forward with a sudden cry, and they are now staring at each other in the most extraordinary way, while his face has become almost as pale as hers.

She snatches the paper she is holding out to her, tears it furiously across and across, and then, throwing away the pieces, bursts into tears.

"Poppie, Poppie," I cry, dismayed at this most unexpected turn of affairs, "why, how can you be such a baby? Of course you needn't"——

But here Jack gently puts me aside and, coming close up to my sobbing sister, calmly takes one of her hands in his own.

"Poppie," he says kindly, "do not distress yourself, do not cry so. Did you think for a moment that I would let you marry that man? And you actually dared to say it was a matter of indifference to you when you knew that I loved you, and when I knew—— Oh, Poppie, my darling, did you think I did not know?"

He is not satisfied now with holding her hand; he puts his arm around her and draws her pretty head down upon his shoulder.

At this juncture it dawns upon me that my presence is most unnecessary, so I steal away softly, leaving them alone. And I am very certain that poor Mr. Harris will have to look out for another sutiable person to wear his diamonds now.

IN MORTAL COMBAT.

A Hunter Witnesses a Battle Between Two Big Grizzlies.

Professor Dyche, of the Kansas State University, is a great hunter and spends his summers among the wilds of the Northwest getting specimens for the museum of the institution. During these trips he gets acquainted with all the guides and hunters of the region in which he is hunting, and the result is that when any of these men get to civilization they endeavor to call at the university to see Dyche and his museum.

One of these men is now in Lawrence on such a visit and tells a story of an adventure which he had in the mountains of Washington which borders on the marvellous, but which he is willing to vouch for, and in addition he has such evidence that his story is incontrovertible. The gentleman is George Ayres and his occupation is hunter and guide. He lives in a country where the grizzly bear grows to an enormous size, and while he has never been successful as a hunter of the animals he has killed two or three.

The story he tells is of a combat between two enormous grizzlies, which he witnessed from the safe retreat of a tall tree, where he had fled from the approach of one of the brutes. Ayers tells the story most graphically and says it lasted long enough for him to get over his scare and pay close attention to what was going on. He had been out hunting, having started at daylight, and at about two o'clock in the afternoon he was suprised by meeting a large grizzly right in his path.

He did not have time to do anything but climb a tree, and the old brute immediately laid siege to him and attempted to reach up at him. While this was going on Ayers heard a noise up the trail and there saw another bear coming down toward his tree. He thought he was in for a night of it, as the two would keep him there until he was starved or some one came to his assistance. He was mistaken, however, for the two bears were evidently not friendly, and one of them undoubtedly thought that the other was poaching on his preserves, for the animals no sooner saw each other than they roared and rushed at each other, bent on fight.

Then ensued one of the wildest scenes witnessed in the mountains—a battle between the kings of the forest. The animals fought with a skill that showed them both to be the victor of many a previous conflict. They skirmished for position and boxed with the dexterity of trained pugilists.

Suddenly one made a savage rush at the other and they were locked in an embrace that was terrific. They roared and howled and bit and clawed each other in a most horrible manner. The whole place was torn up, small trees being uprooted in the struggles of the enraged brutes.

By an awful effort one tore away from the other, and then they began their sparring tactics again, but it was evident that the first bear had got much the worst of the tackle. Round and round they went again until a second rush was made, and then there came the most fearful death struggle. It was evident that one or the other would be left on the field dead before either would give up the fight.

They fought savagely, biting and gouging until one of the brutes fell and the other got a grip on his throat, which soon ended the fight and the fallen bear's life. After biting and clawing the fallen enemy until there was no possibility of there being any life left, the victor set to work to eat his fallen foe and tore a great hole in his ham and ate away a great portion of the flesh. He then retired up the mountain, leaving Ayers alone.

Ayers got down and skinned the dead grizzly, and now has the hide with the great hole in the hip to show that his story was true. The skin measures eight and a half feet in length and is seven feet across its broadest place. Ayers says it weighed not less than 2,000 pounds and was as large as the largest bull he ever saw. He has had the skin prepared for a rug with a hole in it, and this hole gives him the opportunity of telling his story.—[New York World.

How to Eat an Egg.

Let the lover of a good egg—the one who can eat eggs every morning all the year round, and who rejoices in the real egg flavor—stand the beloved article on end in a small egg-glass and then, ever so cautiously, tap on the other end until a hole is made. Let him, still proceeding cautiously, take off the broken shell until there is a bare white surface exposed about the size of a five-cent piece. Now, with an egg spoon or an after-dinner coffee spoon, puncture the surface of the egg, and, after dropping in a piece of butter about as large as a white bean, let him chop up the entire egg until it rests in its shell, all cut up and ready to be eaten. It is still deliciously hot, and has parted with none of its pristine loveliness. Just as soon as well prepared it should be eaten, before it has had time to cool. Those who eat eggs in this way will testify to their glory, and those who do not take them thus would do well to give them a trial.—[St. Louis Republic.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

A Man of the World—A Futile Experiment—Not the Office He Wanted—Had Seen Better Days—Often Longed For, Etc., Etc.

A MAN OF THE WORLD.

Beggar—Please, sir, will ye lend me a dime ter git somethin' ter eat."

Gentleman—You've got a quarter in your hand now. What's that for?

Beggar—That's ter tip th' waiter.—[New York Weekly.

A FUTILE EXPERIMENT.

When I proposed to her I thought I would have the last word, and this is how I didn't get it:

After describing my condition and prospects I said: "Will you have me?"

"Yes," she said.

"Thank you," said I.

"You're welcome," said she.

"You are very kind to say so," I said.

"Not at all," she answered.

"I am very grateful," I added.

"Don't mention it," she said.

I let it go at that. I saw it was no use.—[New York Press.

NOT THE OFFICE HE WANTED.

"What's the matter with Glumm these days that he looks so sour?"

"Things have gone wrong with him lately. He has been trying to get up a benefit club for some time and it was organized the other night, and they made him president."

"Well, wasn't that what he wanted?"

"No, he wanted to be treasurer."—[New York Press.

HAD SEEN BETTER DAYS.

Mr. Sellit—Well, Uncle Eph, how are are gettin' along these days?"

Uncle Eph—Oh, I'm gettin' along fine. It's a mighty poor day I don't make my two or three dollars.

Mr. Sellit—You must be gettin' rich. 'Spose you pay me that little bill you owe me.

Uncle Eph—Well, you'll have to excuse me to-day Mr. Sellit. You see, I've been havin' a lot of mighty poor days lately.—[Harper's Bazar.

OFTEN LONGED FOR.

Little Boy (pointing to window of rubber store)—What's them?

Mamma—Those are diving suits, made all of rubber, so the diver won't get wet.

Little Boy—I wisht I had one.

Mamma—Why, what for, my dear?

Little Boy—To wear when you wash me.

MR. MEEK'S COUNTENANCE.

Little Terror—Mamma, Mr. Meek's skin is as smooth as papa's. No marks on it at all.

Mamma—Just hear the child, Mr. Meeks. Of course there are no marks on it, my pet.

Little Terror—But you said the hens had been pecking him.—[New York Weekly.

WHEN SHE FOUND OUT.

Before they wed he used to rave
About her voice of bird-like pitch,
'Twas soft and mellow then, you know,
For she still fancied he was rich;
But when she knew the truth of it,
That they must eat both soup and bone,
She changed the pitch, and now she talks
In rich and heavy dark brown tone.
—[New York Herald.

A BEASTLY LOW PLACE.

Chappie (after receiving the bill of fare from the waiter—Let us get out of heah.

Chollie—What faw?

Chappie—This is a beastly low place.

Chollie—How do you know?

Chappie—The bill of fa-ah is in English, dontcherknow.

SAME OLD WAY.

Mr. Hamm—How did the audiences strike you out West this time, Fatter?

Mr. Fatter—Same old way—with eggs.

NO GOOD REASON.

Pretty Cousin—Your friend Dr. Lancet passed me down town to-day without even a bow.

He—Oh, well, you know he's awfully absent minded. He's so completely devoted to his surgical practice.

Pretty Cousin—But that's no reason why he should cut me.—[New York Herald.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

"Why, Edwin," exclaimed the tearful bride, "you certainly told me before we were married that you would gladly give me all the pin money I wanted."

"Yes," said Edwin, gloomily; "I know I did; but I didn't suppose you meant diamond pins."—[Somerville Journal.

FRAGRANT FLOWERS.

Florist—Here take this cart-load of flowers to the Highstyle Opera House."

New Man—"Yessir. What shall I ——"

"Unload 'em at the front entrance, and give 'em to the ushers to present to the prima donna after the curtain falls on the third act."

"Yessir."

"Then reload 'em at the stage door and bring 'em back again."—[Good News.

EASY.

"What is the sweetest thing in all the world?"
My sweetheart asked, then heaved a tender sigh
And stole a glance at me that plainly said,
"I'll be offended if it is not I."

A HANDY TOOL.

Mrs. Blinks—Where in the world is Mr. Blinks' revolver? I forgot to take it from under his pillow this morning.

New Girl (a recent arrival)—What's it like, mum?

"It's about so long, with a crook at one end, and it's bright like silver."

"I don't know, mum, unless it's that thing little Tommy is hammerin' tacks wid."—[Good News.

HE CAN'T SEE WHY HE SHOULD.

"Honor thy father and thy mother," is a commandment which sounds like hollow mockery to the boy who for no reason except "discipline," is sent down to the cellar to chop wood just as the parade is passing the house.—[New York Herald.

MISS KATE'S LITTLE JOKE.

"They tell me you are a happy father."

"Yes."

"Are you setting up the cigars?"

"No. I'm sitting up nights."

A NEEDED EFFORT.

Charles—I'm trying as hard as I can, darling, to get ahead.

Clara—Well, goodness knows, Charles, you need one badly enough.

CAUSE FOR LAUGHTER.

Jessie—What are you laughing about.

Bessie—Before Chappie went away he told me whenever I felt sad to think of him.

HUMAN NATURE CROPS OUT.

"Those two dogs across the street look as if they were spoiling for a fight. Who owns them?"

The "mongrel cur with the vicious look belongs to a neighbor of mine. The handsome, intelligent looking animal belongs to me."—[New York Press.

WEAVING A CHAIN.

Rosalie—How is your new beau?

Grace—Oh, he promises well.

Rosalie (warningly—Get him to write, my dear, get him to write.

THE MOON WAS WANING.

At different times Willie had been told of the man in the moon, and that the moon is a green cheese. Putting the two statements together, he exclaimed one evening: "The man in the moon must be very hungry these nights."

"Why, dear?"

"He has eaten almost all the cheese."

THAT MATTER SETTLED.

"He called me the belle of the party,"
said she,
"When escorting me home yesternight."
"He did," said the other; "well, now I can see
Why they claim that his mind isn't right."

TIME TO REBEL.

Young Father—What on earth is the baby yelling so about now?

Young Mother (wearily)—Dear me, I don't know. Perhaps that new nurse is singing "Comrades" to him.—[Good News.

CRUEL.

"I've seen very few birthdays yet," she laughed, airily.

"Ah," said he, "I understand. Born in leap year, on the 29th of February."

The Tomb of Paul and Virginia.

Many who have read that sweet and simple love story, "Paul and Virginia," do not believe that it is really founded on facts. Yet such is said to be the case. Thomas Wilkinson, an Englishman, who has resided in the Island of Madagascar for thirty years, says Paul and Virginia were characters of flesh and blood, and not mere creatures of the novelists imagination. However, it is not denied that the facts in history were embellished artistically by the author of the story. About 500 miles east of Madagascar is situated a small island, thirty miles square, known as Mauritius. When it was first found by white men there were no traces of former possession of any people. The Dutch first settled the island, and it became a productive spot in raising sugar. Then the French took possession of it and finally the English obtained control. Now Mauritius is inhabited by the Dutch, the French, the English and a horde of Chinese laborers and black slaves of the sugar plantations. On this island is seen to-day the tomb of the unfortunate lovers, Paul and Virginia. It is a well authenticated piece of history on the island that these two lovers belonged to two well-to-do French families there. Virginia, who was beautiful, and young, and artless, was sent to France to be educated. While there her hand was sought by a wealthy and titled Frenchman, but she refused his offer and remained true to the simple swain, Paul, of Mauritius. She started home on the ship St. Jehan, but the vessel was wrecked in a hurricane when in sight of Mauritius, and her lifeless body was washed ashore. Among the relics of this event there are kept several pieces of the broken timbers of St. Jehan on the island, and the marble tomb of Paul and Virginia is held in high reverence by the inhabitants as a monument to their enduring love.—[Chicago Herald.

Built a Town in a Day.

"There's nothing like it—when people go wild over a mining discovery," said F. C. Brampton, of Salt Lake, Utah, at the Tremont House. "One day last August a town literally sprung up in one day at a place forty or fifty miles from Ogden, where prospectors discovered a rich vein of silver. A sheepherder picked up a nugget of silver one day and prospectors took the cue and soon struck a rich find. The excitement spread and one morning when the sun rose on the mining camp only one small cabin was seen, but when the sun set that day two or three hundred people had rushed in with tents and carpenters were putting up shanties and frame houses and stores. The town was called La Plata. The place is alive with prospectors yet, and the town is likely to have a boom. The day I left Salt Lake a strike at La Plata was reported that assays thirty ounces silver and two and one-half ounces gold. The camp is a prospective second Leadville. Mills will soon be in operation. Claimants are working every day and some ore is being made ready for shipment. The stage lines to Ogden are crowded with passengers, and long lines of 'freighters' carry supplies to the stores that have been started. Talk about starting towns! No boomers can beat the record of La Plata—literally built in one day."—[Chicago Herald.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS., JAN. 28.

RACKET STORE NEWS.

MR. KURTZ,

Dear Sir:—Please tell the readers of the "Reporter" that during January they will find special bargains in every department of "The Racket." When we say bargains, we mean the clear cut modern kind, not the cut-and-dried kind usually called bargains. A few sample prices will suffice to show what we mean:

Men's Rubbers, 25 cents a pair. Silk and Wool Plaids, yard wide, 25 cents per yard, worth easily double. Knickerbocker Dress Goods, 8 cents per yard, usual price, 12½. Remnants in Dress Goods, Calicoes, Muslins, at split prices.

Nuf Ced.

Come and see yourself why "The Racket" has doubled itself in a year, and why you will find it crowded when other stores are empty.

Respectfully Yours,

G. R. SPIGELMYER,
SHEM SPIGELMYER, Jr.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 5, 1892.

Rev. Samuel Yearick.

Rev. Samuel Yearick, of near Yearick's church, in the west end of Miles township, died on Friday, of last week. Rev. Yearick was a local preacher of the Evangelical denomination, and was aged over seventy years.

Be Among the First to Respond.

The Pennsylvania State Guard expect to be called into service in case of a war with Chili. General Snowden, the commander-in-chief, says the Guard is ready at any time and will be among the first and the finest to respond to the President's call.

Our Columns Open.

The columns of the REPORTER are open to all for the discussion of any question of public interest. They must be accompanied by the name of the author, not for publication but as evidence of good faith on the part of the writer.

State College Changes.

Prof. T. F. Hunt of the chair of agriculture, Pennsylvania State college, has resigned, and Prof. H. J. Halter of the University of Missouri selected to fill his place. A course in mining engineering is to be established at the college in the near future. A vice president to succeed Prof. Jas. McKee has not yet been selected.

PERSONAL.

——Mrs. Samuel Barr, of Tyrone, is visiting friends in Centre Hall and vicinity.

——Miss Sallie McClenahan returned home last week from Milton after an absence of about six weeks.

——Mrs. W. B. Mingle and son Gross, visited her parents in Aaronsburg several days of this week.

——Farmer Daniel Horner, of Tusseyville, gave the REPORTER a call—he just got over a siege of the grip.

——Mrs. Michael Ulrich, an aged lady living near Tusseyville, is confined to her bed with an attack of the grip.

——Miss Jennie Boal spent several days in Liuden Hall this week, the guest of Mr. Shannon Boal's family.

——Mr. John H. Huff, of Glen Iron, visited his daughter, Mrs. Frank Crawford, on Church street, this week.

——Clevan Dinges is home for a few days this week. Clevan just returned from a trip east on insurance business.

——Mr. J. Linn Harris, assistant mapor of Bellefonte, spent the greater part of Wednesday in Centre Hall on professional business.

——Frank Crawford was in Lewisburg on Monday on business pertaining to the estate of the late J. C. Raudenbush, of Laurelton.

——Mr. B. F. Yearick, of Spring township, accompanied by a friend, gave our sanctum a call and had his subscription dated ahead.

——Sickness throughout the valley and county is still unabated—grip has the run, pneumonia in some cases, with scarlet fever and diphtheria doing sad work in some families.

——Will Wagner, merchant, of Stone Mill, called in our sanctum. Will intends making sale of his person of property and quit business in the spring. He advertises some live stock at public sale, in the REPORTER.

——It is reported in our exchanges that Colonel J. L. Spangler, who has removed his residence from Bellefonte to Hasting, Cambria county, where he is superintendent of the operations at that place, is lying dangerously ill.

——Mr. F. Bowersox, of Rock Springs, gave us a call last week and spent a short time in our sanctum. Mr. Bowersox is a reader of the REPORTER and as he informs us he not only admires it for its news but for its unfailing and staunch Democracy, and as the best paper published in the county. A man of his intelligence always has that to say. Mr. Bowersox is supervisor of Ferguson township and is one of its most respected citizens.

JANUARY COURT.

JUSTICE METED OUT AT THE COUNTY SEAT.

January Term of Court Convenes on Monday. The list of Cases not Large. Interesting Proceedings.

Court convened on Monday morning at ten o'clock with His Honor, Judge Furst, and Associates Rhoades and Riley on the bench. Soon after court was called Judge Furst called for the report of the constables throughout the county. Clement Dale, Esq., then presented several petitions before the court. W. F. Reeder then appeared before the court asking that a guardian be appointed for the children of Sarah Watson. John Marks was appointed. He also asked for another guardian to be appointed for the children of William Cone, deceased. Mr. Reeder was appointed. D. S. Keller, Esq., then occupied a few minntes of the court's time in presenting petitions. Ellis Orvis then asked the court to strike from the list a case which would come up during the second week The case was W. Decker vs. Markle. His request was granted. John F. Potter and H. C. Quigley then presented petitions. Judge Furst overuled the petition for a new trial in the case of Frank Karsher, of Philipsburg, who distributed beer among his friends, which was against our laws. D. S. Keller, Esq., then read a petition signed by some of the best citizens of Philipsburg asking for suspension of sentence. J. C. Meyer, Esq., representing the commonwealth was disposed to leave the case to the good judgment of the Court. Mr. Karcher was then called before the court and Judge Furst gave him some good legal advice in reference to the great crime which he stood indicted. He stated that if he obeyed the law in the future and payed the cost he would suspend the sentence. He, however, was held in a bond of five hundred dollars to keep the peace. The grand jury was then called by Prothonatory L. A. Schaffer. T. M. Gramley, of Gregg township, was made foreman. In the case of F. and B., against Edward Crane, J. C. Meyer, Esq., appeared and stated that the girl and child were both dead, and asked that the costs be placed on the county. S. M. Dale, W. I. Swoope, D. F. Fortney, Esq., also had business before the court.

Before adjournment, Jacob Williamson, an Englishman, who resides at Snow Shoe, presented himself before the court for naturalization. He did not know anything about our constitution, or what was required of him when he did become a citizen of the United States. He was given his papers, but the Judge said, that hereafter before he would naturalize foreigners, he would require them to read the constitutions of Pennsylvania and the United States; in this the Judge was right. A number of jurymen and witnesses were excused from duty on account of illness in their families.

Monday afternoon the first cases called up for trial were several F. and B., and they were quickly disposed of by the defendents pleading guilty to indictments and the court imposed the usual sentence and fines.

The next case tried was that of S. R. Pringle vs. the overseer of the poor of Taylor township. Hastings & Reeder for plaintiff and John G. Love for defendant. The case is stated by Mr. Reeder as follows: On the 17th of January, 1891, Mr. Pringle was notified that a man by the name of Charles Cowher died in Taylor township. He furnished a coffin, rough box and burial robe. The witness stated that the death was caused probably from a running sore and when dead the remains were so offensive that it was with great difficulty that the body was laid out. Mr Cowher was a resident of Taylor township, and being poor Mr. Pringle presented the bill for the funeral expenses of $35 to the overseer of Taylor township. He refused to pay it and the suit was brougnt to court. The defense tried to establish the fact that Cowher owned property in that township, and the funeral expenses should be paid out of that. Mr Pringle swore that Cowher owed him a store bill of $40, besides he gave him a great many things free gratis. Mr. Cowher was not a public charge, but the people of that vicinity helped him. Mrs. Mary Cowher sworn. She is the widow of the late Charles Cowher. She is the mother of seven children. She owns a house and ten acres of land in Taylor township. She is poor, but did not tell overseers until she had to. She is still very poor.

This case took up all of the afternoon and the court adjourned before the Judge delivered his charge to the jury. This case came to an unceremonious and unexpected end on Tuesday morning when Love attorney for the defendents arose and stated that on Monday evening he saw the plaintiff, Mr. Pringle, going around Bellefonte in company with John Eves, of Half Moon who was a juror on the case; that tney went to the opera house together, and after the opera they slept in the same room at the hotel. This was a direct violation of the law, and against the direction of the court. The case was withdrawn as directed by the court.

Next case up was commonwealth vs. Andrew Osiclin, a Hungarian, at whose house tne drunken riot occurred on Sunday, 18th inst., at Bellefonte. He was charged with violating tne law by furnishing liquor to various persons on Sunday, and also by furnisning liquor to persons while visibly under the influence of liquor.

The evidence taken as a whole was conclusive that the defendant furnished the whiskey and was the cause of the trouble.

The court instructed the jury as to the law in the case and of course left the facts for them to decide from the evidence.

The jury was out but a short time, and returned a verdict of guilty as charged.

Commonwealth vs. Harvey E. Royer, charged with maliciously cutting down and haulinT trees from a school yard in Potter township.

Several witnesses were heard and the court charged the jury. They returned a verdict of guilty as in manner indicted.

In the case of Commonwealth vs. Wm. Dinsmore, charged with receiving stolen goods, the court instructed the jury to return a verdict of not guilty.

The next case up was Commonwealth vs. Carrie Wilson, charged with infanticide. Carrie Wilson the defendant, was delivered of a child, while living with her sister, Mrs. Monroe Kreamer, at Coburn, and it was supposed the child had been foully dealt with by the mother. Its body was found in a rubbish heap in the yard and an inquest held. The evidence of the commonwealth was not conclusive and a verdict of acquittal was returned by the jury on Wednesday morning.

JEREMIAH DUBBS.

Death of a former Resident of this Valley near Philipsburg.

On Saturday morning about one o'clock, Jeremiah Dubbs, of Cold Stream, near Philipsburg, died of la grippe. He had been ill for some time from the grip, and a few days previous to his death while walking around in his room and being very weak fell against a stand in his bed room, breaking one rib and fracturing another. He was aged about seventy-three years and lived with his son Thomas Dubbs, at Cold Stream, with whom he has resided for several years.

Mr. Dubbs was well known in this vicinity, having lived a short distance west of Centre Hall for a long time.

His remains were brought to Centre Hall on the 2.47 train from Philipsburg on Tuesday afternoon and were interred in the cemetery at this place.

His wife has been dead about nineteen years, and the children who survive are Thomas and James, living at Cold Stream; George, who resides near Pennville; John, of Bellefonte; Andrew, who lives on the old homestead in Penn's Valley, and a daughter who resides in Altoona.

Has Slept Seventy-two Hours.

Carrie Hoffman, aged eighteen, a house-maid at the home of Professor J. G. Anderson, superintendent of the school at Philipsburg, retired on Tuesday evening in her usual good health. Since that time she has not awakened. She has been sleeping seventy-two hours, and all efforts of the physicians to arouse her have been in vain. The case is a peculiar one and the outcome of Miss Hoffman's long sleep is awaited with anxiety.

The REPORTER was informed that a boy threw a snow ball at the young lady, which struck her on the back of the head close to the side of the ear, and the supposition is paralysis was caused thereby, which would account for the condition of the girl.

A Brute of a Teacher.

The Lewisburg *Journal* says we are informed that the teacher of the public school at Linnville, a few days ago whipped two small boys so severely that the flesh on their legs and backs was cut open and they were compelled to go to their beds and remain there for several days. If the statement given us is correct, that teacher is not suited for a teacher, and the parents of those children would have a good case at court.

Cut Down Prices.

Lewins, at the Philadelphia Branch, Bellefonte, has made a big reduction in prices on all winter goods. An overcoat or warm suit of clothes can now be secured at cost. The goods must be sold to make room and he proposes to make the low price sell them regardless of any profit. No shoddy and every article purchased a bargain. Take advantage of this cut in price and you will not regret having done so.

The Woman far Superior.

A story is going the rounds of the press that woman's knees are not adapted for many things that men's are. The idea given out is that the feminine knee is not strong. That's all in your eye, declares the Bradford *Era*. You watch a man and woman stand up before a parson, and while the man's knees wabble like the eccentric rod of a steam engine, the woman's will be as steady as the pillars of Hercules.

——Oysters, Oranges and Lemons.—G. O. Benner.

ANOTHER TRAMROAD ACCIDENT.

William Jordan Ground to a Pulp at Pardee.

On Friday evening of last week as a train load of logs were being taken down the tramroad to Pardee, the crew lost control of the train, owing to the slippery condition of the rails, and all the men jumped except Olley Specht, engineer, (son of Jacob Specht) and fireman Will Jordan. The train had gained a tremendous speed when Jordan and Specht jumped off. Jordan, it is supposed, jumped on the wrong side and rebounded under the wheels of the trucks, where he was ground into a pulp. Specht escaped with a broken nose, sprained back and feet. The attending physician thinks Mr. Specht will recover. He was brought in on a mule and Jordan was taken in on another dinkey. Mr. Specht had just jumped in time, for the next instant the train jumped the track and landed on the rocks some forty feet down the mountain, an entire wreck. Mr. Jordan lived at Pardee. He leaves a wife and several children.

THE CRAWFORD TOWNSHIP AFFAIR.

Particulars of the Suicide of Mrs. William McKeague.

The Lock Haven *Democrat* gives the following in reference to the supposed murder committed in that county recently: Mrs. William McKeague, of Crawford township, lived on a farm with two sons and two daughters. On Thursday night her married daughter, Mrs. Casper, slept with her and in the morning arose, leaving her mother in bed. After she left the room Mrs. McKeague arose, secured a razor and going back to the bed cut her throat, dropping the implement of death in the couch beside her. The deceased was fifty-five years of age and a widow. She had been sick but was up and around the day previous. It is supposed that her illness had in a measure weakened her mind. Huston Weidler, Justice of the Peace, held an inquest, with a jury of twelve men, who rendered a verdict in accordance with the circumstances above related.

At first it was thought that the affair might have been a murder and District Attorney Brungard started to go to the scene, to do whatever was necessary, but was met by parties between Jersey Shore and the home of the unfortunate woman, who assured him that there could have been no motive for murder and it was simply a case of suicide. The cut in the woman's neck was about two inches long and her windpipe was not altogether severed. It was therefore supposed that she must have lived for some time after committing the terrible deed.

Commissioner Brosius came here Monday from Crawford township and he says there is no doubt whatever that it was a case of suicide. This has relieved the public mind of the apprehension that murderous work had been done by other parties.

The funeral of Mrs. McKeague took place Monday morning.

Margaret Bradley Dead.

Another death from grip occurred within our limits this week in that of Miss Margaret Bradley. She had been taken ill several weeks ago while living with Mrs. McCully, an aged lady in Centre Hall, and as her condition grew worse it was deemed advisable to remove her and she was taken to the home of James Stahl, west of town, where she died on Monday morning. She was aged about seventy years and was a regular attendant at the Methodist church.

Her funeral took place on Wednesday morning, Revs. Fischer and Shoemaker officiating in the services. Interment was made in the cemetery at this place.

Monday Rules in 1892.

During the year 1892 Monday will rule as the day of holidays. With but one exception the holidays yet to be observed this year will fall on a Monday. First comes Washington's dirthday, Monday, February 22; then follows Memorial day, Monday, May 30th; the Fourth of July also comes on a Monday; so does Labor day, Sept. 4th. Christmas comes on Sunday and according to the regulation of things, Monday will be observed as the legal holiday for Christmas. Thanksgiving day is the only holiday that does not fall on Monday. Here is something for the superstitious to talk about.

The Road Question.

Secretary Edge, of the department of agriculture, finds that the farmers of the state are awakening to the need for better roads, and the methods and construction and means of paying for the work will be discussed at every farmers' meeting held this year. The equalization of taxation will also be a much discussed question. The number of institutes held this year will largely exceed that of any former year, every county in the state, with the exception of Philadelphia, being scheduled for one or more institutes.

Appointed to fill the Vacancy.

It is rumored that Roland Curtin, son of General John I. Curtin, of Bellefonte, has received the appointment to the Naval Academy, at Annapolis, Md. He is to fill the vacancy left at that institution by A. J. Cruse, Jr., of Bellefonte.

SORE AFFLICTION.

Diphtheria Takes Three out of a Family, In About One Week.

The family of William Luse, living on the Brushvalley road, near the cave, has been fearfully visited by diphtheria. In last week's issue of the REPORTER we announced the death of his seventeen-year-old daughter, from this terrible disease. In this issue it is our sad duty to announce two more deaths—a daughter, aged about thirteen years, and the father, both died on the same day, the daughter on Tuesday morning, and the father on the afternoon of the same day.

Surely this is an affliction which the pen is too feeble to describe, and which only the survivors of the once happy household can feel but not tell. Two daughters and a father within a little over a week's time. Sympathy will run out to this afflicted family from far and near, but no amount of sympathy can cure the anguish and fill the void created by the ravages of the grim monster in this brief space of time.

The mother and the oldest daughter, aged eighteen years, also a little boy who has his home with the family, have an attack of the disease, with little hopes for the recovery of the only remaining daughter. The mother shows evidence of improvement.

A more sad calamity can scarce befall a family; may He who rules all things wisely comfort the survivors and be their protector.

40 Degrees below Zero.

At Du Bois, Clearfield county, the mercury dropped to 40 degrees below zero on last Wednesday morning. They call that cold weather out there, but was only summer weather compared with what it was at Centre Hall at the same time, and on Monday and Tuesday of last week. Our thermometer in the REPORTER office only registers fifty below zero and the cold became so intense that the mercury in the tube was frozen solid before half way down to where it wanted to go and could not register fast enough. We ushered into service as a tripod a small red hot stove and for a pencil with a cold chisel and hammer carved one from our frozen ink in the keg. When the front door was opened the condensation was so sudden, caused by the inrushing air that we had a snow fall of over two feet and the typesetters were compelled to use snow shoes while at work, to keep on top. Our devil endeavored to shoot a cat back of the sanctum one afternoon and when he attempted to load his gun he discovered he had no shot. He was so overwhelmed with this discovery and the missing of a good chance at a cat that he shed tears. As these dropped to the ground they were frozen into small pebbles and glancing down he almost leaped for joy at his discovery. He gathered up a handful and put them down the gun barrel on top of the powder and let go at the cat. The cat was transfixed with an icicle, and quite dead. The heat of the discharge had melted the tear-drops and they were as suddenly frozen into an icicle when exposed to the intense cold Such was the theory advanced for this unaccountable happening.

The Best in the State.

Centre Hall boys have the finest coasting this side of Lapland. They can go up the pike to the top of Nittany mountain, and mount their sleds and come down into the heart of town like an arrow, it is a mile and a quarter down, and nothing easier in the world than to get down when the road is in fine coasting order, and the coming down is a sight to see. But then it is a mile and a quarter up, and to foot that and drag their sleds—we just wonder whether the "up" is as full of fun as the "down"; but it must be, else the youngsters and their gals would stay down and not go up.

To Open the Old Portage Road.

The Pennsylvania railroad officials are making preparations to reopen the Portage railroad above Altoona, which was abandoned several years ago. The proposed road will afford an air line route down the mountain from Cresson to Petersburg, Huntingdon county, and will shorten the distance fifteen miles between Philadelphia and Pittsburg. This route is in the line of the Pennsy's policy in providing rapid transit to the World's Fair at Chicago, and the present heavy traffic on the main line, through Altoona, renders the need for this new mountain road imperative.—*Altoona Times.*

A Dangerous Occupation.

Men who go down into the mines to dig coal take their lives into their own hands. Coal mining is the most dangerous occupation engaged in by man, but it is asserted that the carelessness or recklessness of the coal digger is the cause of two-thirds of the disasters in the mines.

The Constables Duty.

Constables are required to post ten notices in each election district, at least ten days before the February election, and in every such advertisement they are to enumerate the officers to be elected as well as to designate the time and place of holding the election.

——Bargains on Overcoats.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

Too Cheap to be Good.

The Chambersburg *Valley Spirit* tells how a woman of that place was neatly swindled. She had read an advertisement in a city paper by which she was promised three pieces of furniture for ninety-five cents. Such an opportunity to partially furnish a room was not to be lost and she forwarded her ninety-five cents by the next mail.

After waitiug what she considered a sufficient time she directed her son to "hitch up" the large one-horse wagon and together they started for the railroad station. The wagon was backed up carefully to the platform in order to save the furniture any jostling and the lady went to the agent to inquire after the furniture. The agent informed her that a box had come for her that morning and directed the freight handler to deliver into her hands. He did so and then the woman learned how shallow are some of the promises of far-away business men.

The box was merely a cigar box but it contained the furniture consisting of two small wire chairs and one wire sofa. She was indignant at the cruel deception, but was more thoroughly aroused when told that she owed the railroad company twenty-five cents for freight. She paid the charge after a long argument, and went home fully determined never more to buy except "on sight."

How Justice is Administered in Ohio.

The man who takes a newspaper from the postoffice with no intention of ever paying his subscription would be highly indignant and grossly insulted if he were called a thief. Yet a court in Ohio (where they have the same newspaper laws as in Pennsylvania) recently convicted forty men of that calibre and allowed the publisher who brought the suits judgment to the full extent of the bill in every case. The crime charged against them was larceny. A few more cases like this may boom the collection business and cause legions of poor editors to rise to sudden affluence, prosperity and happiness.—Holmanville (Pa.) *Monitor.*

Frightfully Torn by a Hook.

Mrs. Mannah Kashner, of Coal Run wanted to go to Shamokin to do some shopping and she accepted an invitation from a neigboring butcher to ride to town in his wagon. On the way the horses ran off and the woman was pitched from one side of the wagon to the other, and fearfully lacerated by the hooks that stud both sides of the top. Her flesh was torn off in strips and one of her eyes was gouged out. She is in a very critical condition.

Groceries Should Be Covered Up.

All groceries and other household supplies should be put away in their own proper receptacles, and not left standing around in paper bags. Keep rice, oatmeal, craked wheat, tapioca. etc., in close covered glass jars, tea and coffee in tin canisters, meal and flour in covered wooden buckets.

Cold.

The weather from Monday night to Wednesday evening was extremely cold. The skies were bright, and high winds prevailed.

——Large stock of clothing for men, boys and children.—C. P. Long, Spring Mills.

——Have you seen the new stock of overcoats just received at the Philad. Branch?

——Mingle's shoe store receives new stock every day. Prices are always fair and reasonable.

——A neat looking shoe, good quality and low in price, is the kind of goods purchased at Powers' Shoe store, Bellefonte. A trial will convince you of this.

——If in need of anything in the boot or shoe line don't forget that Mingle, Bellefonte, has the finest line in the state from which to select. He guarantees all goods and you have good returns for your money.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by J. D. Murray, Druggist.

Entitled to Confidence.

Mr. J. D. Murray, Druggist should have the confidence of this community, his calling is one of responsibility; very often precious lives are entrusted to his care; taking the agency for selling the celebrated Red Flag Oil should be a guarantee, it will do all that is claimed for it, and no remedy excels it for the quick cure of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

Grain Market.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Wheat	88
Rye	70
Corn	40
Oats new	27
Barley	40
Buckwheat	45

Produce at Stores.

Butter	20
Eggs	19
Lard	9
Shoulders	8
Ham	12
Tallow	4
Potatoes	30
Sides	8